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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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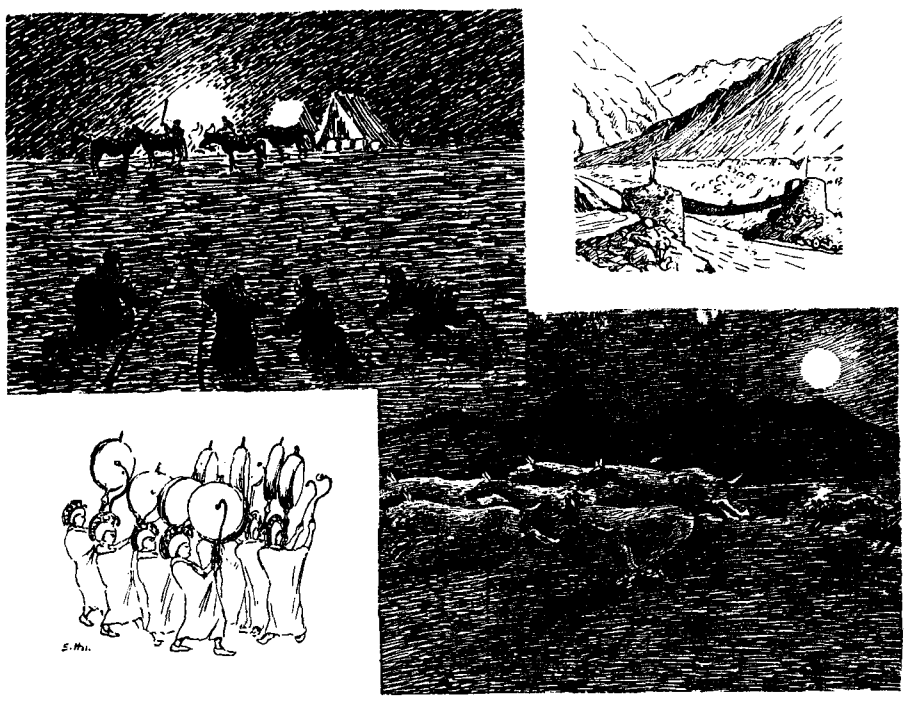

FOUR SKETCHES BY SVEN HEDIN FROM "A CONQUEST OF TIBET"

Upper left, bandits approach Hedin's camp; right, an iron chain bridge in The Transhimalaya. Below, a procession of lamas; right, wild asses pursued by wolves.

Jane of the Guitar

AFTER SHELLEY. The Letters of Thomas Jefferson Hogg to Jane Williams. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ALL who know anything at all about Shelley are familiar with the name of Jane Williams, inasmuch as she was the wife of the man who companioned him upon his last voyage, when he and Williams and Charles Vivian were all drowned in the Bay of Spezzia. They are also probably familiar with the poem, "With a Guitar, to Jane," and other poems to Jane, Shelley being Ariel to her Miranda. The actual guitar with which Shelley presented her is preserved in the Bodleian.

Jane Williams was supposed to have had unusually magnetic hands. Even when an old lady her touch is said to have soothed her nephew, Henry Cleveland, even as it had soothed the burning brow of Shelley. Aside from this, she was a rather conventional woman who found herself pitched into an artistic circle where the going, because of the chief protagonist, was decidedly too fast for her. She was quiet and domestic, and when Shelley took her out rowing and suggested that together they "solve the great mystery," she, quite naturally, wasn't having any. In fact, there is a good deal of truth in what Sylva Norman says:

> And Jane was exhausted by storms and shipwrecks. Unless one were Shelley, it was impossible to remain keyed up to Shelley's pitch. Shelley escaped from himself at the age of twenty-nine.

Nevertheless, it would be stupidity itself to dismiss Jane Williams as a stupid woman. She had her fair share of intelligence, was cultivated, and possessed decided musical talent. Having made an unhappy marriage from which she could not, somehow, completely free herself, she was never properly married (in the eyes of the ghouls of society) to Williams; and consequently the proximity of other exiles from England became congenial to them. Williams must have been a fine fellow, and Shelley took a great fancy to him. Jane Williams gave the poet understand-

(*Continued on page 7*)

Sven Hedin's Record of Asian Adventure

A CONQUEST OF TIBET. By Sven Hedin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by OWEN LATTIMORE

THE records of Hedin's great Tibetan journeys, which made him the pride of the geographical societies as well as the hero of the public, were published before the war. In those days the world had a stomach more serene than now, and could comfortably digest accounts of travels that were Works with a capital W. It would be impossible now for even an Ossendowski to sell a travel book brought out in several massive volumes.

Hedin's popular reputation has rested largely on what the parents of the post-war generation read in the romantic days when explorers still had great white spaces on the map to cross. Yet Hedin himself has never been content with a relayed reputation. For some eight years now he has been working in the new technique of exploration, directing large expeditions of scientists in Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan, and the frontier regions of Tibet.

It is a good thing that he has now filled in the gap between the old Hedin and the new. Since the scientists rely primarily on his scientific publications, such as the superb "Southern Tibet," while the general public of this giddy generation is too weak in the teeth to dispose of the three-volume edition of "Trans-Himalaya" in large quantities, Hedin himself has distilled from his earlier volumes a single book of remarkable merit. All of his greatest Tibetan accomplishments are here reviewed. There is no attempt to instruct. All is adventure, action, a tale told as unaffectedly as if one were listening to Hedin himself in the courts of his Peiping headquarters, where on summer nights the gallant young Swedes and Germans and Chinese of his present expedition love to draw him into reminiscence of his days of single-handed enterprise.

One of the most endearing qualities of Hedin is his perpetual youth and unabated zest. He has never become pompous or pedantic. He can retell the stories of

(*Continued on page 3*)

Socialism at the Crossroads

BY SIDNEY HOOK

THE fate of German Social-Democracy and recent developments at the convention of the American Socialist Party lift the present volume* from the plane of party literature to that of world politics. Written by a group of socialist writers, among whom the figure of the old veteran, Karl Kautsky, looms most conspicuously, it exposes as if under a magnifying glass, the divergent tendencies, ambiguities, irresolutions, and welter of good intentions which constitute the contemporary socialist movement. Crushed between the impacts of fascism on the right and communism on the left, socialism everywhere has fragmentized into mutually incompatible grouplets with conflicting political perspectives and ideology, sharing nothing together but a common derivation and name. Reports from Germany indicate that the underground socialist movement is completely decentralized not only organizationally but also doctrinally. I myself am acquainted with at least six different factions. Even in the United States, as the last convention of the Socialist Party showed, the echoes of [illegible] together with the pressure of internal developments, produced four distinct divisions typified by men like Sharts, Waldman, Thomas, and Henson. The present volume, in what it says as well as in what it does not say, makes it easier to understand the situation.

On the jacket of this book against a background of red, three symbols are etched in black and white. The first is the Nazi *Hakenkreuz,* the second the Soviet hammer and sickle, and the third, the clasped hands across the sea betokening socialist internationalism. The essays of Ellenbogen and Kautsky point to the aggressive nationalism at the roots of the fascist mentality, and those of Shub and Yourievsky stress the way in which the Communist International has degenerated into a mere instrument of Russian national Bolshevism. Nonetheless, it is extremely questionable whether the socialist movement has any more right to the laurels and thorns of internationalism than either of the two tendencies condemned so righteously for their nationalist sins. And this, I think, can be plainly established in terms of the very analysis offered by the writers of this book.

The rise and spread of communism and fascism are attributed to the war and its economic and psychological consequences. The war imposed, first, a kind of national economic self-sufficiency and later, inflation, boom, and ruin; it generated a nationalistic fervor which in most countries took the form of a collective obsession. This is mentioned by the authors who promptly proceed to forget it despite the questions which immediately crowd themselves into the reader's mind. What, then, was the internationalist attitude of the socialist parties to the war? Did their actions accord with their principles, with the resolutions they solemnly adopted on the eve of the war, with the symbol of the clasped hands of human brotherhood extending across political frontier and natural border? To berate existing groups for their nationalism in the face not merely of the capitulation of the major socialist parties during the war to their own governments but of their active support, and in the face of an analysis which attributes the intensity of present-day nationalism to a war which the socialist parties made no attempt to stop or to oppose—is, to put it mildly, extremely disingenuous. Every informed student knows that on August 4, 1914, when the Social-Democratic party of Germany voted unanimously for approval of the war credits, the Socialist International collapsed into a thousand fragments that have never, and can never, be pieced together again. Not a single writer in this socialist symposium in discussing nationalism and internationalism so much as mentions August 4, 1914, that black Friday of the socialist movement when social chauvinism placed an official seal of death upon the Second International.

It may be objected that perhaps all this can be dismissed as history and a fresh start made. This time the economic analysis offered by the authors, however leads to a conclusion which is the precise opposite of their professed internationalism. It is maintained that the social status of labor is directly dependent upon the level of the productive forces and the conditions of economic life. The greater the difficulties of capitalism, the greater the decline in the demand for labor-power grows, the worse the lot of the working classes becomes, and the weaker their political influence and powers of psychological resistance. The socialist movement, whose chief strength rests upon labor, is in similar fashion bound to reflect the upsurges and recessions of economic life, prospering when conditions of material prosperity prevail, and struggling desperately to retain its influence when capitalism threatens to smash. And so it is concluded that "we are thus brought to the apparent paradoxical conclusion that socialism is interested in the economic

**SOCIALISM, FASCISM AND COMMUNISM. Edited by Joseph Shaplen and David Shub. New York: The American League for Democratic Socialism.* 1934. $1.50.

This Week

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By PAUL FRISCHAUER
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THE WOMAN SHE WAS
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METHODS OF SHORT STORY WRITING
By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

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welfare of capitalism." And again, "the social content of the immediate practical demands of the Socialist International resides entirely within the framework of capitalist economy." All other demands are neither immediate nor practical. "Without entertaining any illusions concerning the possibilities of a socialist transformation in the midst of a crisis, the International frankly pictured the solution of the crisis as possible only by means of the alleviation of the illness of capitalism."

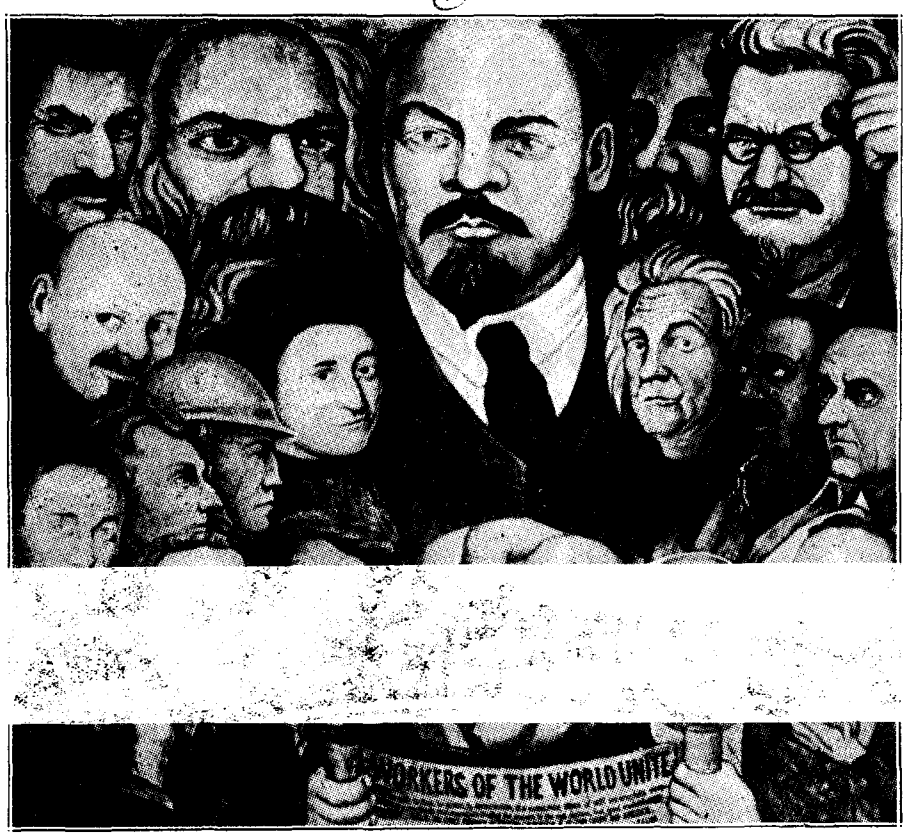
Socialist party internationalism, then, demands the support of the capitalist economy and of any measures taken for the alleviation of its ills. But now, the classic Marxian analysis which on occasions the Socialist International still repeats, points out that there is a natural tendency for capitalism to solve its crises by a progressive retrenchment in the standards of living for the working class and that where lowered production costs do not enable the capitalists of one country to scale tariff walls to compete with another, war is the only way out. And particularly today, when the national form of monopoly capitalism and the frenzied striving for greater autarchy put all capitalist nations in the impossible position where they desire only to sell to each other and not to buy, the dangers of war envelop the world on all sides. From a socialist point of view, what else, then, does support of the capitalist economy mean but a support of a national war if that is necessary—and it sometimes is—to alleviate the ills of a national capitalist economy? And was not this the justification, to the very phrase, which the German Social-Democratic leaders gave in 1914 for supporting the war?

The parties of the Socialist International today, as this collection of essays makes painfully clear, have not changed their position. So much for their internationalism! Since the official stand of the Social-

nationalists (so, by the way, are old line American Republicans and Democrats). It is true that the official communists have substituted national bolshevism for genuine socialist internationalism. But it is not for the Socialist Party to upbraid them for it. If they insist upon quoting Trotsky's criticism of the Communist International, they must accept the standpoint from which it is made.

There is another important principle of division among socialist parties today—if possible, one even more fundamental than internationalism. That is, the extent to which they are really socialist. The axiomatic principle of modern socialism since the days of Marx has been the recognition of the class struggle. The incompatibility between the acceptance of the class struggle from the socialist point of view and support of any variety of capitalism, whether it be private and competitive capitalism or state, monopoly capitalism follows as a simple corollary. However, there are influential elements in the socialist parties, most of them close to the steering helm, who are prepared to greet every measure taken by the state to stabilize industry, even when this assumes the form of overt subsidies to banks, railroads, and agricultural and manufacturing monopolies of all kinds, as a genuine step towards socialism. In pre-Hitler Germany, the Social-Democratic Party interpreted and defended in this fashion the movements for the thorough cartellization of German industry. And it did not surprise anyone that the group known as the old guard in the American Socialist Party, taxed President Roosevelt with kidnaping the socialist program and rebaptizing it as the philosophy of the NRA. In an essay in this volume, which ought to be required reading for all members of the American Socialist Party, entitled "American Socialism at the Cross-Roads," Mr. Joseph Shaplen, who speaks for the above group, writes, "There is nothing new in the New Deal. It is all derived from socialist conceptions." And again, "if it (the New Deal) is to be truly the beginning of a new progressive (*sic!*) phase in the political and social development of the United States it will have to proceed more and more in line with socialist ideas." Mr. Shaplen admits that the New Deal may develop into something else. His claim, however, that it is rooted entirely in socialist conceptions—square in the face of its open acknowledgment of private ownership of the means of production, its definite refusal to permit the closed union shop, its economics of retrenchment, its big navy policy, etc.—either reveals a deliberate corruption of the meaning of the term socialism in the interests of paradox or a shocking disregard of the ethics of words. Even non-socialists, like Clarence Darrow, not to speak of the Farmer-Labor elements who are openly hostile to socialism, have recognized the economic policies of the NRA which attempt to negotiate unequal economic interests by a mythically neutral state power, as essentially in line with the practices of monopoly capitalism throughout the world.

It is not necessary to argue this point any further to see that no party can make



A MURAL BY DIEGO RIVERA FROM THE NEW WORKERS' SCHOOL
At top: Stalin, Marx, Lenin, Engels, Trotsky. Left foreground, William Z. Foster, Jay Lovestone, James P. Cannon. From "A Portrait of America."

the slightest pretense to unity if it is not even sure what the principles are which make it a party.

The third principle which divides the socialist forces of the world today is the conflict over the intellectual heritage of Marx. This is by no means an academic, exegetical matter, for the retention or the abandonment of the Marxian approach to history and politics makes a difference to analysis, prediction, and ultimately to action. One group in the socialist movement believes that Marxism is the dead corpse aboard ship bringing disaster and should be hurled overboard forthwith; another group believes that to do so would be to throw away compass, sextant, and every other instrument for "shooting the sun," and to drift on unknown tides; another group—the most influential—believes that it should be stored away as so much ballast, and the ship steered by the course of other boats which pass it. Unfortunately, there are boats passing in all directions and the present doctrinal state of the Socialist Party indicates the danger of trying to sail in all directions at once. How low are the mightiest of its Marxists fallen! Hilferding, from whose early works together with those of Hobson, Lenin learned most of what he knew about imperialism, has come to believe in the efficacy of international pacts to insure a peaceful, coöperative economic exploitation of the backward regions of the world by a union of capitalist powers. Kautsky, the past master of historical analysis of the early struggles of the working-class, enumerates the causes of the collapse of the German Republic as if the policies of the strongest political party in Germany for fifteen years—the German Social-Democracy—had nothing to do with it. In this volume, refusing to admit that the supine parliamentarianism of Social-Democracy could not prevail against the extra-parliamentary processes of monopoly capitalism in its democratic political form or naked fascist form, he is compelled to fall back upon the abstractions and optimism of ethical idealism to fortify himself when he looks into the future. Despite the recent past, he refuses to surrender the myth of inevitability. "Our cause will conquer in spite of everything," he writes, "for in economic life as well as in politics the highest ability to accomplish and to advance things belongs to organizations and communities of free men working in free coöperation." Certainly, when there is a free competition between communities of free men and communities of unfree men. But fascism by definition, history, program, brute fact, and every other way, is a movement to introduce a regime where such free competition, as Kautsky postulates, is impossible. The real question is how fascism can be fought and whether those who are faced with the rise of fascism in other countries can rely upon the tactics of gradualism and the "lesser evil" which Kautsky endorsed in Germany. To this he gives no answer.

And yet this last question is the most *actuelle* of all dividing the socialist ranks. For it makes focal the whole problem of the nature of the state and the particular tactics which must be pursued in the conquest of political power. This is the same question around which the controversies between the followers of Marx and Lassalle raged more than a half century ago. On this point the Lassalleans won, and helped to inculcate among the working classes an attitude towards the state which was not far removed from that of the typical Prussian official. The state was regarded as the institutional expression of the collective ideals and objective interests of the community and, therefore, the proper agency by which the necessary social reforms could be carried out. Marx's views on the state were frankly instrumentalist, more akin to Hobbes on this point than to Hegel. The state was for him the apparatus of repression by which in all class societies the ruling class extended, consolidated, and defended its power. According to his analysis, to speak of the state without the class interests behind it was as accurate as to speak o Catholicism without the Pope. It followec that any attempt to introduce socialism within the framework of the existing state was tantamount to surrendering the standpoint of the working-class and, aided by the vague formula of the "objective interests of the whole community," legislating the emergency measures necessary to defend the social status quo. This was the policy followed by the Second International, especially by its two largest sections, the English Labor Party and the German Social-Democracy. Marx, however, never abandoned the position that socialism could be established only by revolutionary overthrow of the existing state and the creation of a new state form transitional to the classless society. A considerable portion of the membership of the Socialist parties of the world have raised the slogans of the Marxian attitude towards the state as opposed to the Lassallean. And since these attitudes cannot possibly be compromised, it is amazing that people who subscribe to them should be found in the same political party. The situation is as strange as if the Catholic Church, refusing to extend to any Protestant group the privileges of membership, were to make an exception in the case of —Unitarians.

The key to the great mystery of how such divergent socialist groups can be housed under the same political roof—and this will probably surprise the uninitiated reader—is to be found in the theory and especially the practice of the official Communist Parties affiliated with the Third International. In the light of their pretensions to be ultra-revolutionary Marxists, one would imagine that their organizations would be the logical place to go for the socialist left-wing. But one look upon their theory, strategy, and tactics—tragically illustrated in Germany, China, and

the un-Marxian conception of "internationalism until war breaks out" for the no less un-Marxian theory of "socialism in one country." In other words, down to the present moment the official Communist Party has acted as one of the strongest forces of cohesion upon the Socialist Party. The right and left wings of the Socialist Party, however, have never flapped happily in unison. Yet, although the bird could wheel only in great circles, thereby presenting easy shots to the marksmen of other political groups, it has not lost many feathers from either wing.

But the world moves—and nowhere more rapidly than in politics. Events in Germany and Austria, and the shadow of fascism everywhere, have compelled the socialist parties of the world to face the choice of steering a straight course either to the right or to the left. The most influential leaders are still those who shout orders to sail left but have slyly omitted the command to weigh anchor. These are no safe measures with a mutinous crew. In this country, if the Socialist Party goes to the right it will be more Rooseveltian than F. D. himself and its large left wing membership will drift away; if the Socialist Party goes to the left and the right wing breaks away or is excluded, then, in order to keep alive, it will have to combine with other political groups, outside the official Communist Party, and organize a new revolutionary party. No matter what the upshot of the inter-party strife will be, it is probable that the last crisis of official socialism is at hand.

A Newer Gospel

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

THE wolves have overleaped; their hungry pack,
Eloquent with the silent speed that kills,
Has terrified the innocent with attack
And all the sheep now huddle in the hills.

And many a year must pass, and many a word
Of incorruptible honesty be spoken
Before a newer gospel will be heard
And the grim terror of the sheep-flock broken.

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The Standards of Religious Training

THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN MINISTERS. Edited by William Adams Brown, Mark A. May, et al. *New York: The Institute of Social and Religious Research.* 1934. 4 *vols.*

Reviewed by W. L. SPERRY

IN "New England's First Fruits, in respect of the progress of learning, in the College at Cambridge, in Massachusetts-bay," London, 1643, there is this historic statement, standing today on a tablet in one of the great gates to Harvard Yard:

> After God had carried us safe to New England, and wee had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, rear'd convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civill goverment: One of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the dust.

It is to be hoped that the pious founders of Harvard, were they to see the University today, would approve, after a period of mental readjustment, of the maturing form of their venture. Yet only by the most liberal definition of religion could they regard the present concerns of that University as falling within the circle of the church and its ministry. The same is true of all the older American colleges, similarly founded, and similarly elaborated.

But were the writers of the lines above to turn to the four volumes just issued on the "Education of American Ministers," they would realize that their dread of an illiterate ministry was fully warranted, and that ground for those fears is greater today than it was in the first days of the Bay Colony, nearly three hundred years ago.

like an adequate account of the facts has been available. The task has been a sober one, and the results more sobering.

There are about 200,000 Protestant churches in America. These churches are served by approximately 150,000 ministers, giving either full time or part time. Of these 150,000 ministers fifty per cent have had neither college nor seminary training. Eighteen per cent have had college training only, and twelve per cent seminary training only. This leaves twenty per cent of the Protestant ministry in America who have had college and seminary training, *i.e.,* the normal academic discipline supposedly required for any of the major professions.

The average theological student in America comes from a home in which the parents have had two years of high school, a home in a small town or in the country, in which there are four children and a yearly income of less than $1,900. After he enters the ministry the average student has a salary of $1,407, according to the last available data; a figure less than that of wage workers in automobile factories, gas and electric light plants, street railways, etc. (These are census figures of 1928.)

There are certain mitigating considerations. The illiterate minister is to be found in the country districts, especially in the South. The college and seminary trained men are very much in the majority in the great cities. Nevertheless, these mitigations are cold comfort. "The educational level of the ministry has been falling during a period of phenomenal increases in the educational level of the general population."

If we ask why and how this illiteracy has gained such headway the answer is reasonably clear; the divisive genius of Protestantism and, in America, the subtle contagion of the spirit of an individualist church polity, are accountable for it. There are far more churches than there need to be, the schismatic tempers ran wild in the middle of the last century and have bequeathed us subdivided sects and parishes beyond all need or reason. At the tips of the branches are countless parishes too weak to support a full time pastor. Meanwhile, churches strongly imbued with the individualist temper of the old New England way, still exercise the right to call and ordain their own ministers, without interference from any denominational authority.

Curiously enough, the academic standard for ordination set and achieved in the more centralized and conservative churches is higher than that in the liberal and supposedly progressive churches. The Lutheran Church has the highest percentage of college and seminary trained men in its ministry. Churches such as the Congregational, Baptist, Disciples, and the like—which still adhere to the individualist polity—are apparently progressively the victims of that polity. The denomination as a whole has little or no power over the single church, which is free to call, and even to ordain, any ill-trained and superficial man who may catch the fancy of the congregation by plausible tricks of the trade.

There is some reason to hope that this report deals with the facts at their nadir. The period of rapid Protestant bifurcation and reckless church building ended some twenty or thirty years ago. There are no new considerable sects, and the present drift is towards reunion. Furthermore small and struggling parishes are being "yoked" steadily, giving thus the opportunity to get a better type of minister. Desperate as the whole situation is —and it has been, in the main, only too familiar to those concerned with the situation—it promises to improve, unless the whole lower half of the scale is simply sloughed off by a progressively educated constituency, precisely because of its illiteracy.

There is no permanent hope for a Protestant church in America which is content to be ministered to by men who have neither college nor professional training. It is true that many great religious geniuses had no academic degrees, from Amos of Tekoa to Abraham Lincoln. But [illegible] are not institutionalists, and an seminary training is guarantee of a prophetic calling does not bear examination! For one prophet you get on the average 999 ignoramuses, and the church as an institution cannot thrive on ignorance, no matter how fervently it may invoke direct inspiration.

This survey has been conducted in connection with the Conference of the Theological Seminaries of the United States and Canada. That conference, representing most of the more important Protestant Seminaries, is resolutely attempting to raise the standards of the profession. But the seminary is, in this matter, more or less helpless since it is not the ordaining body. Perhaps its first task is to educate the churches to which it ministers to their need of a literate ministry, even before it attempts to educate the ministers themselves. These four volumes give it plenty of ammunition.

Willard L. Sperry is dean of the Theological School of Harvard University and professor of practical theology in that institution.

A Political and Military Genius

PRINCE EUGENE. By Paul Frischauer. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

MOST English-speaking persons remember Prince Eugene as the Austrian general who happened to be present when Marlborough beat the French at Blenheim. To most Europeans, at the time the two men lived, and ever since, the Duke of Marlborough was no more than a brilliant meteor who flashed for an hour across the sky in which Eugene shone steadily with ever increasing brilliance. About the relative military genius of the two men widely divergent opinions may be held; about their relative significance in history no argument is possible. Had John Churchill never lived the British army would lack some brilliant memories and English literature one of its dullest poems; without Eugene of Savoy the map of Europe for two centuries would have been other than it was. More than any other person, Prince Eugene may claim to have created that queer congeries of states which was the Austrian empire of the eighteenth century.

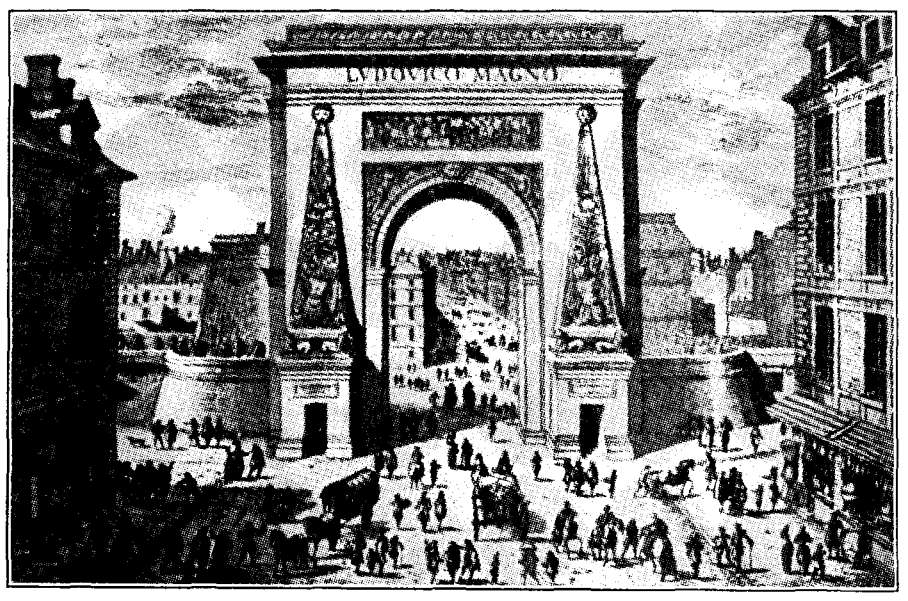
Louis XIV contributed more to the defeat of his own ambitions than all the alliances against him. He drove the Huguenots from France to make his enemies stronger and more prosperous in half a dozen states, to supply able generals and intelligent, industrious immigrants to England and Holland and Prussia. Two years before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Louis drove from his service by coldness and neglect, the grand-nephew of Cardinal Mazarin, the son of Olympia Mancini, Louis's former favorite, a feeble, misshapen, homely lad whose parents destined him for the church but who burned to distinguish himself in war and who did the Sun King more harm, perhaps, than [illegible] dispensable collaborator in Flanders and along the Rhine, and the soul and center of the coalition which brought Louis to the verge of ruin. By his victories against the Turks and his administrative services in Austria he pulled the feeble empire of the Hapsburgs from the slough of despond in which the Thirty Years War had left it and made it capable, for a time at least, of balancing the formidable power of France. Eugene was perhaps even greater as a statesman than as a general, and taken all in all he was probably the ablest European in public life in his day.

In spite of this fact, and in spite of the interest of his strange and adventurous career, there is no adequate biography of Prince Eugene in English and the publication of a popular life translated from the German must therefore be welcomed. It would be pleasant to welcome the present volume unreservedly on other grounds. But Herr Frischauer has set out to write "of Eugene the man—and his epoch" without analyzing Eugene's work as a general, a diplomat, and a statesman and found the task of distinguishing too much for him. The first twenty years of Eugene's life are plain enough sailing. He had no sort of life except a private one and although we know very little about him during that period except what some persons thought they remembered in the light of his subsequent greatness, his biographer is able to excerpt from the memoirs of the period some lively incidents about his scandalous mother. Eugene lived for more than seventy years, for fifty of them at the center of events of the greatest importance, yet the story of his obscure first twenty years fills nearly a third of this book and easily the best third. Perhaps that is because his biographer found that during his half-century of hard work in Austria, Eugene had very little private life. Necessarily the rest of the story is full of battles and negotiations, but their sequence, importance, and even their location will hardly be clear to the reader whose memory of history has grown rusty. Emphasis

PRINCE EUGENE

gene's life receive only twenty pages, Eugene's defeat at Devain is omitted to the confusion of the reader, and the whole brilliant Blenheim campaign is dismissed in a few sentences.

As gossip, many readers will find this book amusing. The translation, while not flawless, is livelier and more readable than most translations from the German, and the kaleidoscopic pictures of eighteenth century courts and battle-fields are often vigorously done. The scholarship is not beyond cavil and the bibliography, which lists only one book in English—and that not Trevelyan!—is uncritical and will be of little use to students, but even to the student of history the present volume may be useful as adding some details to the portrait of Prince Eugene, and may serve as an auxiliary until a better appears.



PARIS IN 1673, WITH THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF LOUIS XIV
From "Prince Eugene"

Hedin's Asian Adventure

(*Continued from first page*)

thirty years ago as if he had just lived through them, and just emerged from the forbidden heights of Tibet, happy, excited, and eager to tell everyone about it. As an introduction to Hedin, "A Conquest of Tibet" is as nearly as possible ideal. The spirited black and white drawings by Hedin himself give more life and vigor in the way of illustration than could any photographs.

It is only unfortunate that when Hedin himself has written so forthright and unpretentious a book, the jacket should be marred by a piece of misguided publisher's enthusiasm (evidently written by some one who read the book carelessly or not at all), which gives the impression that he went to Lhasa. A simple outline map would have been an improvement. The typography, by "one of our best typographers," is inoffensive, except for the pseudo-Tibetan lettering of the running heads. This I personally dislike as much as I dislike the sloppy, fake Oriental lettering of jackets and titles which so many publishers seem to think indispensable for books about China and Japan. The translation is good, but not infallible; an occasional phrase looks queer.

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The Infancy of the Radio

It is always easy to criticise the radio on the score that few of the programs are designed to stimulate the adult mind. The same criticism was levelled at the motion pictures for many years, and if it has been heard more seldom recently, probably the reason lies less in what the motion pictures have done to terminate their protracted period of arrested development than in the tendency of the criticism to fall of its own weight as a hopeless platitude.

The shortcomings of motion pictures and radio alike are usually ascribed to commercialism. If this is the case, obviously the only way in which either industry, under its present organization, can meet the recurrent objection is to indulge in philanthropy—that is, in the intermittent suspension of the direct profit motive. And to some extent, the radio broadcasting companies have done this in the best of their sustaining hours. Critics of the radio object, however, that these are too few and far between, and often too capriciously handled. Frequently it happens that a good sustaining feature, such as an orchestral concert, will be curtailed, transferred, or abandoned because the hour for which it was originally scheduled has been sold. Commercialism, pure and simple; but it is futile to object to commercialism in a commercial enterprise.

On the other hand, the proposal that American radio broadcasting be reorganized along the lines of the British Broadcasting Corporation has never been warmly received. An excellent reason why suggests itself in the attack recently made by Republican leaders upon the use of radio time to promote the NRA. The Federal Radio Commission already provides too much governmental influence, say the individualists; turn the radio entirely over to the government and we'll get nothing but propaganda. Also, American admirers of the B. B. C. System should not overlook enlightened British criticism of the paternalism of that institution.

So far, then, objections to American radio broadcasting have been insufficiently realistic. But there is one criticism that may very well be made: namely, that editorial responsibility on the part of the broadcasting stations is too often nonexistent or entirely negative. That is, the stations decide not what is to go in, but only what is to be left out. Suppose that a popular magazine, instead of containing so much editorial matter and so much quite separate advertising, were made up like a radio program. It would then include a series of stories and articles, each chosen and sponsored by a prominent advertiser, who would be allotted a few lines at the end to promote his product. No doubt, being human, the advertiser might give preference to stories actually mentioning his product. Certain writers on advertising, for instance Mr. James Rorty in "Our Master's Voice," give no weight to this distinction; in their view, the significance of advertising is the same for popular magazines and the radio, and the details of presentation do not matter. But there is no question that a more professional, a more interesting, and even a more independent magazine is turned out by an experienced editor than could be done by an advertising agency. Suppose every short story had to go through the mill of an advertising conference!

The popular magazines (with the obvious exception of the worst pulps) and even the movies do assume positive editorial responsibilities. For this reason, and because they employ some of the best known writers, they gradually make their influence on writing felt (an influence which can be as easily defended as attacked, if we agree that one of the purposes of good writing is intelligent entertainment). This has as yet no counterpart in radio. And the "little" magazines which discover and develop new writers likewise have no counterpart in radio, simply because the technical facilities of the small stations make an audience of small radio owners impossible. The radio has done much to develop musical appreciation; it has done much to supplement the newspapers; but its literary influence lags far behind. And possibly one reason is the failure to develop editorial responsibility.

"I'M INTERESTED MORE IN AL FRESCO COOKING. YOU KNOW—THE OUT-OF-DOORS ANGLE."

Letters to the Editor: *Information for Don Marquis; Memories of Oscar W. Firkins*

No, You're the First

SIR:—Am I more than the 100,001st to inform Mr. Marquis that *Dawison, Bogumil* appears in the Encyclopedia Britannica? (Pronunciation not indicated.)

S. M. WOOD.

New York City.

Bogumil Davisohn

SIR:—I think I can relieve the perturbation of "Don Marquis" re Bogumil Dawison. I was living in Dresden, Saxony, in 1862-63. Bogumil Davisohn was regarded as the greatest Shakespearean actor in Germany. I remember him perfectly as Shylock and was much impressed by his fine acting. I heard him also as Othello. My impression is that he was a German Jew. I was about 17 years at that time.

In the Winter Garden playbill presented by Don Marquis—"Mr. Bogumil Dawison will speak in German." It is reasonable to suppose that he changed his name, on arriving in the States to conform to the German pronunciation.

JOHN W. SOADY.

Shreveport, La.

Firkins and The Nation

SIR:—Mr. Morley's tribute to Oscar Firkins took me a long way back, as far as 1912, when I first joined the *Nation* and found that Paul More had already discovered an obscure instructor, as I believe he was then, in my old friend Richard Burton's department in the University of Minnesota. More had somehow found out that Firkins had a sharp pen peculiarly suited to puncturing poets, and he was already sending him a good deal of the verse that came in to the *Nation* and chuckling over the reviews that came back. "He's like a wasp," I remember was one ejaculation of More's over a review of a pretentious poetaster. But if Firkins could sting like a wasp, he was as a bee in distilling the fragrance of good verse, and Harold Fuller, when he succeeded More as editor of the *Nation*, recognized the ideal combination of qualities that makes a critic, and made a regular feature of Firkins's reviews of verse.

It was Fuller, too, who had the editorial imagination to conceive the idea of turning Firkins's critical qualities loose on the New York stage, and when he and Fabian Franklin started the *Weekly Review* he brought the shy, myopic professor to New York. His was not the kind of figure to which Broadway was accustomed or was likely to appreciate, and one can well imagine the Broadway managers wrinkling their brows in a vain effort to understand what Firkins was talking about and finally solving the problem with the exclamation "Baloney!"—or whatever was the corresponding ejaculation of those days. Firkins's rare and discriminating praise was not quoted by the press agents or blazoned in the advertisements. The influence of his dramatic criticism never reached out beyond a very small group, whose enthusiasm failed, I fear, to compensate for their paucity. For I know that Firkins's sensitive spirit was deeply hurt by the lack of any wide recognition of his weekly articles on the drama, and he returned to Minnesota with a sense of failure in his heart.

In my pessimistic moods I sometimes think that literary criticism in America died with Firkins and with Stuart Sherman, another of Paul More's discoveries on the old *Nation*. Most of us don't criticize these days; we simply report; and the brood of swans that are really geese multiplies alarmingly. Firkins always called a goose a goose, and on the rare occasions when he discovered a swan he was very likely to be right.

STANLEY WENT.

New York City.

From a Friend of Max Ewing

SIR:—It is strange that Robert DeLany's letter requesting more information about Max Ewing should come just ten days after his death.

As a friend of Max's I rush to give what little information there is about "Going Somewhere" and its author. If Mr. DeLany's copy still has its dust jacket, he will find from the blurb on it that Max Ewing was trained as a pianist; that he injured a nerve in one of his fingers when he played the part written for a mechanical piano, at the famous Antheil concert in New York, eight years ago. A great friend of the brighter wits in New York, and I might add of the better minds, he turned to writing, sculpture, and photography. An exhibit of the photographs of celebrities taken against his Venetian scene roller shade, was given at the Julien Levy Galleries, last winter. "Going Somewhere" appeared about the same time. Most of the reviews seemed, to my mind, to miss the point of the book entirely, and called it "inferior Van Vechten," when it was more of a satire on just such a group as Van Vechten is a part of, and failed ever to satirize as completely (save perhaps in "The Blind Bow Boy"). The reviewers seemed to think the book trivial and unimportant, and for the most part dismissed it very lightly.

It did get Max Ewing to Hollywood, and something of the same sort would certainly have come out of his six months on the coast had it not been for his untimely death on June 17th.

A friend of Max Ewing's.

E. J. S.

Key to "Going Somewhere"

SIR:—The jacket was evidently missing from Mr. Robert de Lany's thirty-five-cent copy of Max Ewing's "Going Somewhere," else he would not be asking for biographical details. Undoubtedly the Knopf office would be glad to supply him with one. The undersigned, who shares Mr. de Lany's enthusiasm for the novel, which is certainly one of the most hilariously amusing satires ever written, would also be glad to share with him some speculations as to the identity of Armada Menace, April Overjoy, Victor Zukor ("Mr. America"), Niobe Why, Carl and Chloë Wilderness, Lenore Lanslide (the woos woos woos lady), Amethyst Dudley-Frankau-Tingle, Aurora Overauhl, and the rest of that bizarre cavalcade. My own favorite is the Princesse's cat, Albertine Disparue, so named because she had a habit of disappearing for days. . . .

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

New York City.

Involutional Melancholia

SIR:—No doubt all the psychiatrists who read "The Bowling Green" smiled inwardly, and perhaps outwardly when they ran across the expression "nervous melancholia." Some of them no doubt will hasten to inform you that melancholia is not a matter of the nerves but of the emotions and that, if any qualifying adjective is used in connection with this disease, it is usually "involutional," to indicate that it is essentially a disease of the involutional period. This qualification also serves to differentiate it from the depression seen in the manic-depressive psychosis proper which usually shows itself at an earlier age.

W. W. RICHARDSON.

Mercer, Pa.

Archery and Archness

SIR:—Can you or any of your readers tell me who is the author of the following book?

Archery and Archness. By Robin Hood. London. T. Hurst, 1834.

The book is a 12mo of 204 pages.

There is no reference to this pseudonym in any of the works on pseudonyms, and no copy of the book appears in the British Museum, the Library of Congress, or the Wren or Ashley collections. There are a few small, temporary notices in some of the literary papers for that year but no mention is made or suggested as to the author.

FRANKLIN J. MEINE.

Chicago, Ill.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

PRINCE EUGENE. By PAUL FRISCHAUER. *Morrow*. The biography of a great statesman and soldier of Louis XIV's time.

A CONQUEST OF TIBET. By SVEN HEDIN. *Dutton*. Exciting adventures in forbidden Tibet.

LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING. By PHILIP LINDSAY. *Little, Brown*. A novel of fifteenth century London.

This Less Recent Book:

POEMS, 1909-1925. By T. S. ELIOT. *Harcourt, Brace*. The collected work of one of the most important of contemporary poets.

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A Woman's Life in Retrogression

THE WOMAN SHE WAS. By Launcelot Giberne Sieveking. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHALIE COLBY

ALREADY at thirty-seven this author has lived with variety and depth as actor, poet, book illustrator, and novelist. In the war he was an aviator, a private, R.A.F., and naval officer. At present he is absorbed in television with the B.B.C., where he has been playwright and producer. Vicariously his vista extends into the last century, through his mother who took part in the first stirrings of the feminist movement and to whom the book is dedicated.

These experiences have sifted and shifted themselves into a pattern which bridges the years from 1855 to 1933. Through this formal framework of historical events flows the life of Dame Charlotte D B E and R A—who gives us the personal side of her time. An artist of distinction, the friend of the great men of her day, Charlotte is projected against the background of a tepid marriage, her children, her friend Mrs. Harriet Garside, who foils and amplifies her personality, and groups of relations whose differing generations serve to carve out each period of the inverted sequence.

Inverted—because this tale is told in that new technique which reverses the life current. From the opening chapter where we attend dame Charlotte's funeral we proceed backward to the finale of her birth. Smoothly, beautifully, the author moves us from each effect back to its cause, every episode accentuated and made valuable by the shadow its previous death casts upon it.

This process of combining the retrogression of time with a gathering momentum of interest, is faultlessly managed. With each step Mr. Sieveking takes us nearer the hidden incident of horror in Charlotte's young life, which sounds in advance its recurrent note of warning, until it bursts nakedly through the crust of her calm environment. The whole weight of the calamity rests upon her. No one shares it. We are told that a weaker woman would have died under the strain.

We are told a great many things about Charlotte. We note them with interest rather than feeling. For in spite of the absorbing quality of the book, it is Charlotte, whom we long in vain to know, who disappoints us, because emotionally she is reported rather than disclosed. Because never once is her secret self unlocked to us. And yet—a woman from whom such force emanated that she could make a man commit suicide in her presence, must perforce conceal a multitude of women suddenly focussed for that single attack on another personality. In Greek tragedy Charlotte's anguish would have risen to a universality of passion in whose scope we could expand ourselves.

Only when she herself touches the recorded happenings of her generation, and history warms her into being under the mantle of Sylvia Pankhurst and the war, do we vibrate to her personality. Nor is she vivified by her friendship with Sargent and Swinburne, by the senile lovemaking of Rossetti and the flattery of Renoir—for the synthetic woman is blotted out by the authentic figures.

This flatness of Charlotte's personality is no doubt inevitable in the mass motion of a book where the importance of the individual is lost in the conglomerate whole. It is not the book, but the title that dissatisfies us. For it is as a complete and delightful entity, rather than as a life of Charlotte, that the story, with its cherished country, its cultivated society, its oncoming generation which reverberates after the tale is finished, remains with the reader.

FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "THE WOMAN SHE WAS"

Fortunes of a Patriarch

FOUR GENERATIONS. By Naomi Jacob. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES ROLAND

EMANUEL GOLLANCZ is a Jewish art dealer. Four generations of his family, with representatives in every European capital, form a veritable clan. Intermarriage in the group has become a pleasant habit. Some of them have gone to the synagogue but chiefly they have come to attend the Episcopal service. Emanuel has experienced a profound love for Juliet, who rejects him out of kindness; she is ten years his senior, has been married, had a lover, and as a brilliant singer, loses herself now in her globe-encircling career.

To forget the unattainable Juliet, Gollancz marries the charming Viva—both women are Gentile—and for two years the marriage is comfortably pleasant, until he again meets Juliet. The urgency of the earlier, potent love flares anew. Miss Jacob holds that it is possible to solve such an entanglement on a rational and still human basis, and she proceeds to the unraveling with dignity and conscience. We cannot help feeling grateful for her emotional honesty. If the novel is a beacon of social trends, as it should be, perhaps the world is returning to sanity after all.

So far it may be reasoned that Miss Jacob's novel consists of a Galsworthy plot in a G. B. Stern setting. To the extent that Gollancz, stolid business man, succumbs to the gypsy passion, recognizing its primacy, we have Galsworthy. The Jewish background inevitably invites comparison with "The Matriarch"; yet there is no rival here for the Stern opus. The Gollancz family happens to be Jewish; but the story of Emanuel and Viva and Juliet would stand unaltered whatever the tenets of its principals.

After remarking on the emotional honesty and the sense of dramatic values in the novel, it may be unkind to note a nullity of literary merit. But Miss Jacob, honest with herself as with her characters, makes no pretense of fine writing. Descriptive passages get reduced to mere connective links, and the dialogue does not sparkle, though it is veracious. For summer reading, the story is amply absorbing, and many a hammock swaying in the breeze will find its occupant busily tracing the fortunes of Emanuel Gollancz.

One of the realistic portraits is that of his brother, Julian. Whoever has a Julian in the family will appreciate learning how effective a piece of sculpture can be when well-aimed. For this reason alone, art shops may enjoy a flurry of new business. That, and other episodes in the book, notably Emanuel's plea to Juliet, might pass directly to the stage, and doubtless will. Miss Jacob's close association with the theater has stood her in good stead. Meanwhile the novel should attain a substantial and deserved popularity.

The Red and the White

ON THE VOLGA. By Panteleimon Romanof. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THIS new book by the author of "Three Pairs of Silk Stockings," contains sixteen short stories of Soviet life, to which is tacked a curious sort of literary lean-to in which Romanof gives his impressions of some of the huge new Soviet industrial settlements. Objectively, the New Order is, of course, taken for granted. But Romanof was already an adult when the old order crashed, and he is so instinctively the artist, in almost the pre-revolutionary, or "bourgeois" understanding of the word, that although extremely tactful, he now and then seems to be saying just a wee bit more—or other—than meets the eye.

The longest of the stories, for example, "One of Us," contrasts the new and the old generations in the figures of a father,

PANTELEIMON ROMANOF

foreman of an iron foundry, and his "komsomol" son, just returned after passing his examinations as an engineer in Moscow. The father "was a careful man: he saved his kopeks, never drank, had two cows and a couple of dozen chickens. He was never idle." In short, he has all the characteristics of that pestiferous type which the Bolsheviks call "kulak."

Against this outmoded type, individualistic, limited, rather dour, deaf to the thrilling music of the new collective world, is set the son, contemptuous of his parents' religion, of the primitive old household ways, of family ties, of "getting on in the world" as the father understands that phrase, but open and alive to all sorts of things—even clean country air—which his poor parents never heard of.

And to the father's fumbling, sometimes slightly crotchety, efforts to throw a bridge out to the boy he is inwardly so proud of, the latter simply returns a cool stare of conscious superiority. When the young man leaves the village again, the "komsomols," who have made life so miserable for the father in the factory, give the boy a great send-off while openly snubbing the bewildered father. "There's nothing surprising about that," says the son, with a shrug, "They look on me as 'one of themselves,' while you—you are a stranger."

Well, the son undoubtedly is the superior human type, and granting a revolutionary psychology and Bolshevik predilections, you may take Romanof's story at its face value, and simply accept this superiority. But this sort of difference between two generations is nothing new in the world. It is characteristic of millions of "second-generation" American families. But generally, outside Russia, a certain sporting spirit is expected to accompany such advantages. And the naive insolence which Anton exhibits on the mere basis of having, so to say, learned to wash himself behind the ears, will impress outsiders less as something admirable than as proof that he was an insufferable prig.

Possibly the fixing of that impression was the author's real intention. Every now and then, in these stories, some humorous, some delicate, even very sentimental, there is a similar suggestion of divided advocacy on the author's part, and readers so inclined may indulge in some rather amusing detective work. There are tales of husbands and wives, lovers and mistresses—the best of the sixteen is that which gives the book its title. It is brief, tragic, objective (for whether the victim was Red or White is neither here nor there); the whole action compressed into the incidents immediately preceding an execution (apparently during the civil war period)—a single thrust of horror set against the beauty of a spring evening and the calm majesty of the flowing river. Here, there is none of the trickiness and mere "artistic" playing with an idea, found occasionally elsewhere. It is true, within itself, and in that other, "universal" sense in which a tale may mirror the life, or perversion of life, of its particular time.

Pioneers of Money

THE LAST PIONEERS. By Melvin Levy. New York: Alfred H. King. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

FROM 1869 to 1929 Mr. Levy traces the career of Herman Merro, born Chaim Shemanski, son of a village shoemaker in Poland. He had the shrewdness, the lack of scruples, the materials of survival that have characterized certain members of the Jewish race, and with these materials and attributes he built a life that may be found duplicated in a multitude of individuals of different race and origin. He was, in a sense, a pioneer—one of the pioneers of money. Leaving his home in early youth, he knocked around Europe, was for a time a soldier of the Czar, a thief, a pimp, a prestidigitator. All of these experiences qualified him for his eventual success as a finance capitalist. In Alaska of the gold-boom days he made his stake, but not from prospecting. He staved in Nome and entertained, pi[illegible] picked up money by every[illegible] He moved on down the coa[illegible] town of Puget, built a hote[illegible] money of the prostitutes, and married one.

His friend Paul Dexter married another, and he and another fellow Herman had picked up in Nome, Mick Delea, between them built the mill-town, Puget, into "Queen of the Pacific," an open town on whose every activity they levied toll. In course of time Paul became convinced that everything he did was for the welfare of the town. In a sense it was, but things were so arranged that when the town obtained a street-car line, huge sums of money automatically lined the pockets of Paul Dexter; he came to own the town; he had his finger in every pie; he was a great man. Herman never was as wealthy, but he was the guiding hand, he got his share and it was ample. None of his activities, whether running a hotel, buying stolen property, profiteering during the war was strictly honest; neither was it out and out dishonest. He did what many other men would have done under the circumstances. He was a "good" man; he treated his dependents handsomely, whether they were relatives or servants; he had a kind heart. So had Paul; so had Mick Delea. And it was the slump that wiped them out, and it was their sort of activity, reduplicated everywhere, that created the slump.

Mr. Levy has written a racy, intensely interesting book. With a wealth of unobtrusive documentation, he has reconstructed an open town of the Pacific Northwest, during the days of its ascendancy, and he has painted a convincing picture. There is an overtone to the book, ironical, prophetic, and it points the moral of communism more convincingly than many avowed "proletarian" novels.

The death at eighty-eight of Julian Hawthorne, son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, marks the passing of the last of a generation of writers which included Edgar Saltus, H. C. Bunner, and John Habberton. Julian Hawthorne in his day was prolific and popular; he had his hand in more than a hundred books, sometimes producing half a dozen novels in a year.

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The Bowling Green

Was Sherlock Holmes an American?

"I think the fellow is really an American, but he has worn his accent smooth with years of London."

—*The Three Garridebs*

A CAPRICIOUS secrecy was always characteristic of Holmes. He concealed from Watson his American connection. And though Watson must finally have divined it, he also was uncandid with us. The Doctor was a sturdy British patriot: the fact of Holmes's French grandmother was disconcerting, and to add to this his friend's American association and sympathy would have been painful. But the theory is too tempting to be lightly dismissed. Not less than fifteen of the published cases (including three of the four chosen for full-length treatment) involve American characters or scenes. Watson earnestly strove to minimize the appeal of United States landscapes of which Holmes must have told him. The great plains of the West were "an arid and repulsive desert."[1] Vermissa Valley (in Pennsylvania, I suppose?) was "a gloomy land of black crag and tangled forest . . . not a cheering prospect."[2] Watson's quotation from the child Lucy,[3]—"Say, did God make this country?"—was a humorous riposte to Holmes, spoofing the familiar phrase Watson had heard too often in their fireside talks. There is even a possible suggestion of Yankee timbre in the Doctor's occasional descriptions of the "well-remembered voice." The argument of rival patriotisms was a favorite topic between them. Watson never quite forgave Holmes's ironical jape when after some specially naive Victorian imperialism by the Doctor (perhaps at the time of the '87 Jubilee) Sherlock decorated the wall with the royal V. R. in bullet-pocks. (Or did the Doctor misread as V. R. what was jocularly meant to be V. H.—because Watson too insistently suggested a sentimental interest in Miss Violet Hunter of the Copper Beeches? An H. in bullet-pocks, if the marksman's aim was shaken by a heavy dray in the street, or by the neighboring Underground Railway, might well look like an R.)

Why, again, does Watson write "It was upon the 4th of March, as I have good reason to remember," that the adventure of the Study in Scarlet began? And why was Holmes still at the breakfast table? It was the 4th of March, 1881, and Holmes was absorbed in reading the news dispatches about the inauguration, to take place that day, of President Garfield.

Was Holmes actually of American birth? It would explain much. The jealousy of Scotland Yard, the refusal of knighthood, the expert use of Western argot, the offhand behavior to aristocratic clients, the easy camaraderie with working people of all sorts, the always traveling First Class in trains. How significant is Holmes's "Hum!" when he notes that Irene was born in New Jersey.[3] And Watson's careful insertion of "U.S.A." after every American address, which always irritates us, was probably a twit to tease his principal. True, as Inspector MacDonald once said,[4] "You don't need to import an American from outside in order to account for American doings." But let us light the cherry-wood pipe and examine the data more systematically.

* *

Holmes's grandmother was "the sister of Vernet, the French artist."[5] This of course was Horace Vernet (1789-1863), the third of the famous line of painters in that family. Horace Vernet's father (who had been decorated by Napoleon for his *Battle of Marengo* and *Morning of Austerlitz*) came from Bordeaux and Horace's grandfather, the marine painter, from Avignon. Here we have an association with the South of France which Holmes acknowledges by his interest in Montpellier[6] where he probably had French kindred. Like Sir Kenelm Digby, who delivered there the famous discourse on the Powder of Sympathy,[7] Holmes knew Montpellier as an important center of scientific studies. (See *The Empty House*) It is deplorable that our Holmes researchers have done so little to trace his French relationship. It is significant that though he declined a knighthood in Britain he was willing to accept the Legion of Honor in France.[8]

Much might be said of Sherlock's presumable artistic and political inheritance from the Vernets. His great-uncle's studio in Paris was "a rendezvous of Liberals."[9] Surely the untidiness which bothered Watson at 221B is akin to the description of Horace Vernet "painting tranquilly, whilst boxing, fencing, drum and horn playing were going on, in the midst of a medley of visitors, horses, dogs and models."[10] Holmes's grandmother, one of this radical and bohemian and wide-travelling family, brought up among the harrowing scenes of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, may quite possibly have emigrated to America.[11] It is not inconceivable then that at least one of Holmes's parents was an American. My own conjecture is that there was some distant connection with the famous Holmes household of Cambridge (Mass.). Every reader has noticed Holmes's passionate interest in breakfasts: does this not suggest the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?

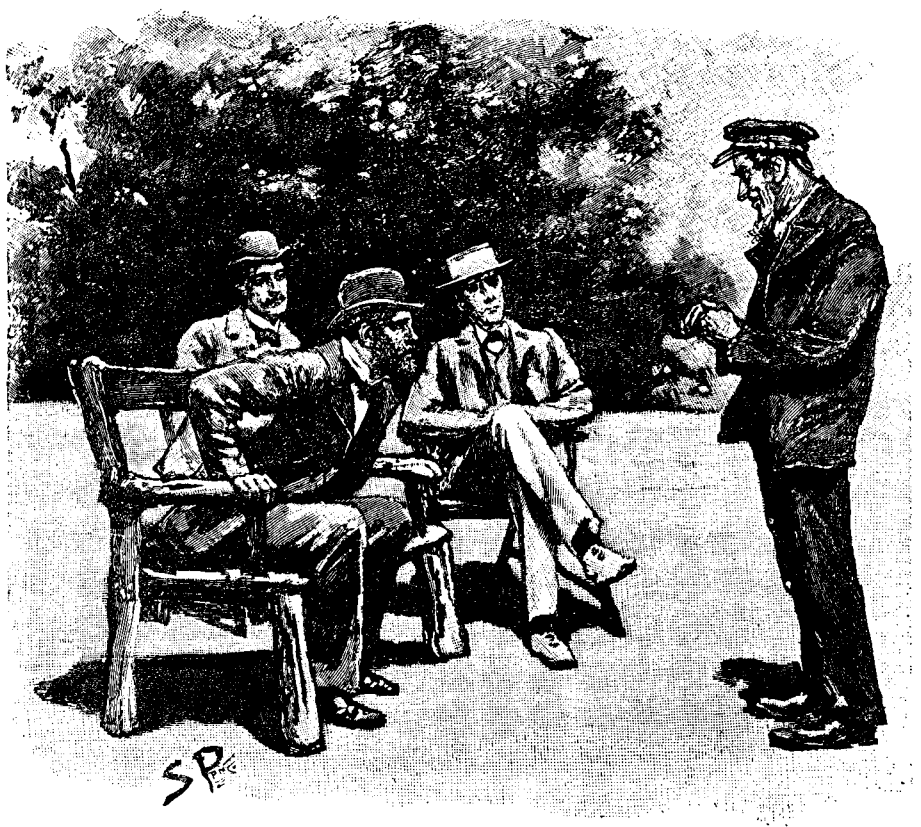
* *

I will not cloud the issue with futile speculation, though certainly it is of more importance than many of the controversies (such as, was Holmes's dressing gown blue, purple, or mouse-colored?).[12] But before proceeding to recount some specific passages which prove our hero's exceptional interest in America let me add one more suggestion. The hopeless muddle of any chronology based on the *Gloria Scott* and Musgrave Ritual is familiar to all students; Miss Dorothy Sayers has done her brilliant best to harmonize the anomalies. But all have wondered just what Holmes was doing between the time he left the university and his taking rooms in Montague Street. My own thought is that the opening of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore in 1876, and the extraordinary and informal opportunities offered there for graduate study, tempted him across the water. He was certainly familiar with papers in the chemical journals written by Ira Remsen, the brilliant young professor who took charge of the new laboratories in Baltimore. Probably in Baltimore he acquired his taste for oysters[13] and on a hot summer day noted the depth to which the parsley had sunk into the butter.[14] In that devoted group of young scholars and scientists, and in the musical circles of that hospitable city he must have been supremely happy. His American-born mother (or father) had often told him of the untrammeled possibilities of American life. The great Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia (1876) was surely worth visit; there he observed the mark of the Pennsylvania Small Arms Company.[15] During his year or so in the States he travelled widely. He met Wilson Hargreave (who later became important in the New York Police Department[16]) perhaps in connection with the case of *Vanderbilt and the Yeggman*, a record of which he kept in his scrapbook.[17] He went to Chicago, where he made his first acquaintance with organized gangsterism.[18] I suggest that he perhaps visited his kinsmen the Sherlocks in Iowa—e.g. in Des Moines, where a younger member of that family, Mr. C. C. Sherlock, has since written so ably on rural topics.[19] He must have gone to Topeka;[20] and of course he made pilgrimage to Cambridge, Mass., to pay respect to the great doctor, poet and essayist. From Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., then a rising lawyer in Boston, he heard first-hand stories of the Civil War, which fired his interest in "that gallant struggle." Indeed he spoke to Watson so often about the Civil War that Watson repeated in the story of *The Resident Patient* the episode of the Henry Ward Beecher portrait which he had already told in *The Cardboard Box*.[21] It is interesting to note, in passing, that when Holmes spoke in that episode of having written two monographs on Ears in the *Anthropological Journal*, the alert editor of The Strand at once took the hint. A few months later, in October and November 1893, the Strand printed "A Chapter on Ears," with photos of the ears of famous people—including an ear of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Surely, from so retiring a philosopher, then 84 years old, this intimate permission could not have been had without the privileged intervention of Sherlock.

Speaking of the Strand Magazine, it is odd that our researchers do not more often turn back to those original issues which solve many problems. The much belabored matter of Holmes's university, for instance. There was never any question about it, for in Sidney Paget's illustrations Holmes is clearly shown sitting in Trevor's garden wearing a straw hat with a *Light Blue* ribbon.[22] (He was, of course, a boxing Blue.) Why has such inadequate honor been paid to those admirable drawings by Paget?—Oxford was unthinkable to Holmes; with what pleasure he noted that Colonel Moran[23] and John Clay[24] were both "Eton and Oxford."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(Concluded next week)



SHERLOCK HOLMES—WITH CAMBRIDGE (LIGHT BLUE) HATBAND
(*Strand Magazine*, 1893)

The Economic Front

HISTOIRE DE LA CRISE. By Richard Lewinsohn. Paris: Payot. 1934.

Reviewed by PAUL SCHWARZ

I HAVE just read a book not for the purpose of reviewing it but for the purpose of learning something from it. It is by Richard Lewinsohn, the talented German author of such well-known books as "Das Geld in der Politik"; "Geschichte der Inflation," and "Amerika in der Krise." After looking through its 230 pages, I confess to be baffled over the aspects of an economic cataclysm which is as senseless as it is contrary to human interests.

Lewinsohn's book is for the greater part written around the American crisis. It analyzes the prosperity boom, the American standard of living, price and agricultural problems, and the devaluation of the dollar. It is a brilliant exposé of economic conditions and the financial disequilibrium which led to the debacle of 1929. It sketches reparations and other debt problems and their consequences. Currency problems occupy considerable space.

Dry as the material may seem, the book is written in a very lively fashion. No chapter seems to me more fascinating than that dealing with the failure of financial trusts. Here we find our old friends and economic wizards, the Belgian Loewenstein, the Britisher Hatry, the German Lahusen Nordwolle concern (incidentally one of the great mysteries surrounding Hitler's ascent to power), the great enigma Ivar Kreuger, and Samuel Insull.

The author points to the great similarities between the political and economic dictators who tolerate no control whatsoever. It is exactly this lack of public control which led the highly complicated economic machinery of our times into the present mire.

The first Roosevelt year is also adequately pictured. Fortunately, the author does not attempt to present a blueprint of to-

(*Continued on next page*)

[1] *A Study in Scarlet.*
[2] *The Valley of Fear.*
[3] *A Scandal in Bohemia.*
[4] *The Valley of Fear.*
[5] *The Greek Interpreter.*
[6] *The Empty House.* Cf also *The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax.*
[7] Anne Macdonell: *The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby* (1910) p. xxxi.
[8] *The Golden Pince-Nez.*
[9] Encyclopaedia Britannica, article *Vernet.*
[10] Ibid. Perhaps Sherlock as a child got his first interest in boxing and fencing from great-uncle Horace.
[11] Turning to the telephone book, as Dr. Watson did for Garrideb, I find that several of the Vernet (Verner) family came to the U. S. There are 2 Vernets in Brooklyn, 3 Verners in Manhattan, 1 Verner in Floral Park, L. I.
[12] Elementary. This particular gown was blue when new. (The *Twisted Lip.*) It had gone purple by the time of the *Blue Carbuncle.* During the long absence 1891-94, when Mrs. Hudson faithfully aired and sunned it in the back yard, it faded to mouse (*The Empty House*).
[12] *The Sign of Four.*
[14] I forget the locus of this allusion. Please will someone else look it up? Holmes's interest in the butter-dish is shown in *The Musgrave Ritual.*
[15] *The Valley of Fear.*
[16] *The Dancing Men.*
[17] *The Sussex Vampire.*
[18] "My knowledge of the crooks of Chicago." v. *The Dancing Men.* Cf also allusions in *The Valley of Fear* and *The Three Garridebs.*
[19] C. C. Sherlock: *Care and Management of Rabbits* (1920); *The Modern Hen* (1922); *Bulb Gardening* (1922), etc.; v. *Who's Who in America.* Iowa is a great apiarian State; undoubtedly from the Sherlock side came the interest in roses, bee-keeping, etc.
[20] Otherwise how could he know that there was no such person as Dr. Lysander Starr? (*The Three Garridebs.*)
[21] There was no duplication in the stories as first printed: *The Cardboard Box* in The Strand Magazine of January 1893, *The Resident Patient* in August of the same year. In the latter story as it absurdly appears in the collected editions the description of the "blazing hot day in August" is repeated for "a close rainy day in October." The explanation is that Dr. Watson withheld *The Cardboard Box* from book publication for 24 years; perhaps because it revealed some anti-American bias in his never having had the portrait of Beecher framed. But the Beecher incident showed Holmes's keen observation, and in compiling the *Memoirs* Watson carelessly spliced or trepanned it into *The Resident Patient.* Then, when he republished *The Cardboard Box* in *His Last Bow* (1917), he forgot this.
[22] *Strand Magazine*, Vol. V, p. 398. While speaking of the *Gloria Scott*, has it been pointed out that Holmes never admitted to Watson why he chose Mrs. Hudson's lodgings? She was the widow of the ruffian Hudson who blackmailed old Mr. Trevor—and so more than ever "a long-suffering woman." And of course the rapid disappearance of Watson's bull-pup was because Holmes had been bitten by one in college days.
[23] *The Empty House.*
[24] *The Red-Headed League.*

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morrow's economics. He realizes that we are still in the midst of the great international upheaval. The crisis is not yet past. Precisely this reason makes me wish that the American public would soon become acquainted with Mr. Lewinsohn's remarkable book. Publishers, please step forward.

* *

Paul Schwarz was former German Consul-general in New York.

Jane of the Guitar

(*Continued from first page*)

ing that he could not get from the truly and profoundly stupid Mary Shelley (for all her attainments) and he reciprocated with his particular kind of romantic, unearthly love. "Jane had indeed," says Sylva Norman, "seemed to reflect Shelley's light, in an answering glow." That is entirely likely, as he must have been a person of extreme fascination. One feels most kindly toward Jane—and even forgives her for marrying Hogg, in the end.

"Shelley and Hogg," what marvelous names for the two sides of the literary medal! The nacreous brilliance opposed to the munching of the stye. You will immediately say that that is far too strong for Hogg, and yet he did bend every effort in his youth toward seducing Harriet, when Shelley left her for a short while under Hogg's protection. Hogg believed in promiscuity, yet became a respectable enough barrister. Shelley always thought him a pearl inclosed in a pretty tough oyster-shell. When she was a widow, Hogg came to Jane Williams as some one fatherly as well as—or better than—loverlike; and, naturally, tiring of vain solitude, no matter how much she had loved her husband, she sank back into comfortable security. Hogg's "Life of Shelley" remains one of the most curiously self-revelatory biographies in the history of literature.

You will perceive that I have never particularly liked Hogg. I have always liked the Williamses. Jane must have been a particularly delightful old lady.

And her eyes were still somewhat "brilliant and impressive," eyes that had drawn from Shelley the immortal "I arise from dreams of thee—" Her grandchildren begged to hear the "Indian Air," and she could still play the guitar and sing it. "He wasn't a man," she said, "he was a spirit." Indeed, I believe her to be completely right.

So these newly gathered letters, between Jane and Hogg (as a theatre program would say, "Her friend, later her husband"), must be of peculiar value to lovers of that greatest and most romantic story in English letters. The reprint of George Clint's portrait of Jane, which serves as frontispiece to the book, is a happy thought—as also is the positively marvelous pendant to the letters on page 94. It says everything about Hogg and poetry:

"The following, appended to the above letter, appear to be the Poetical Works of T. J. Hogg.

I saw a gentle, fair haired boy,
Stand by his Mother's side,
I saw her fondly kiss his brow,
Her look of loving pride.

This day he leaves that Mother's side,
O angels o'er him vigils keep,
Alas! he braves thro oceans wide
The sea of Life, and Neptune's deep.

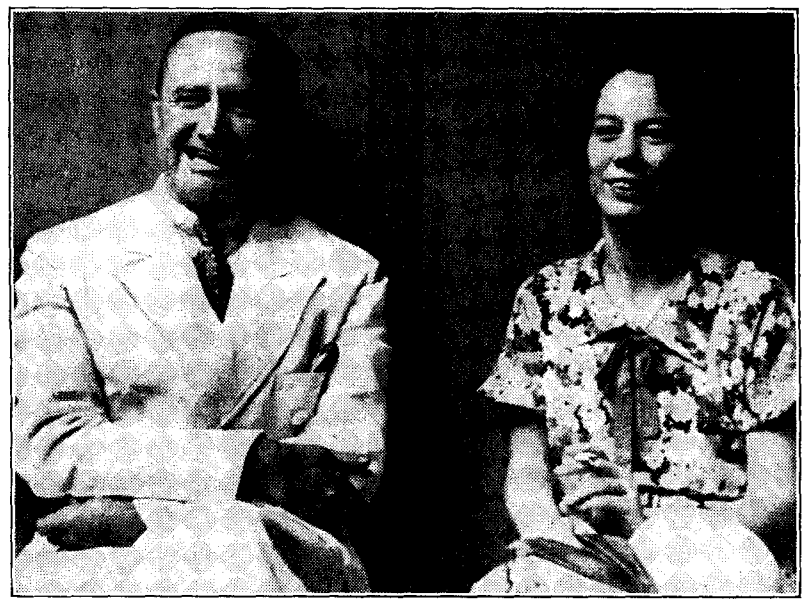
But the astuteness of the following has most impressed me in Sylva Norman's "Introduction":

> Of the poet's circle, few, if any, remained where he had lifted them. Trelawny perceived this, writing shortly after Shelley's death, "We degenerated apace." It is a mournful business to trace the disintegration of these friends: Trelawny, living on as a scandalous and inventive old man, spreading unreliable and contrasting reports; Mary Shelley, existing in a regretful melancholy crossed by efforts to secure male friendships without obligation; Claire Clairmont shrivelling slowly as a governess in the East; Medwin trying to blackmail Mary Shelley. So we have Hogg, part author of "The Necessity of Atheism," dwindling into a soured Victorian lawyer with a love of his food, a tight fist on his money, and a grievance.

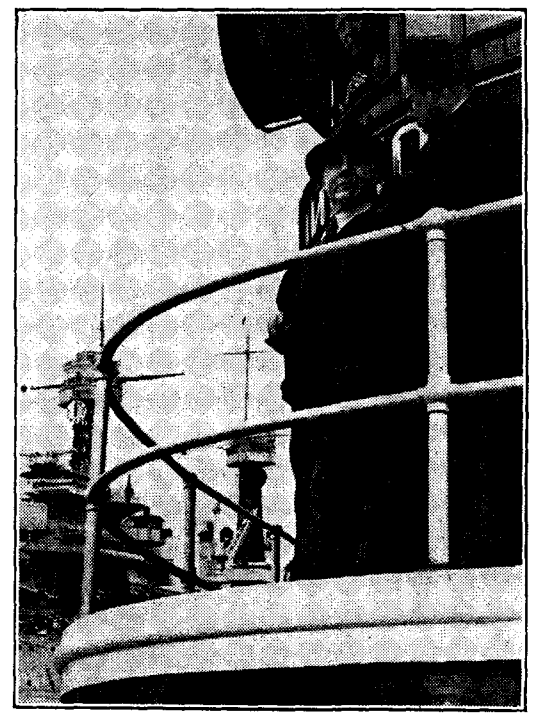
Jane alone seems to have aged charmingly. "She never forgot her Hindustani. . . . Her love of flowers remained," and she could still play "Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith.'"

Stars Fall on Manhattan

Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month, by Robert Disraeli



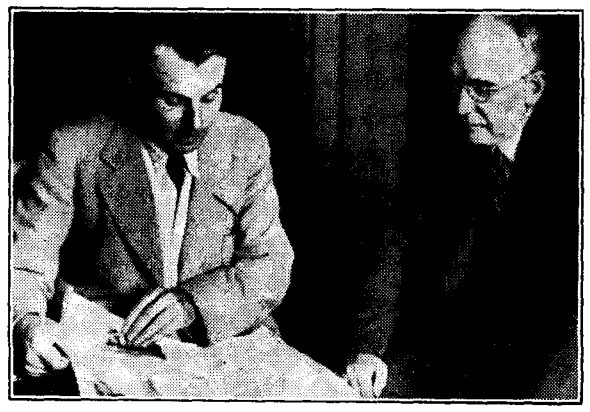
Star-gazer returns from Alabama—Carl Carmer with Mrs. Carmer, tea guests of honor at the Meeting Place recently.



(Right.) A seafaring gaze at the fleet from a tugboat: Captain David Bone, Felix Riesenberg (above), and Christopher Morley.

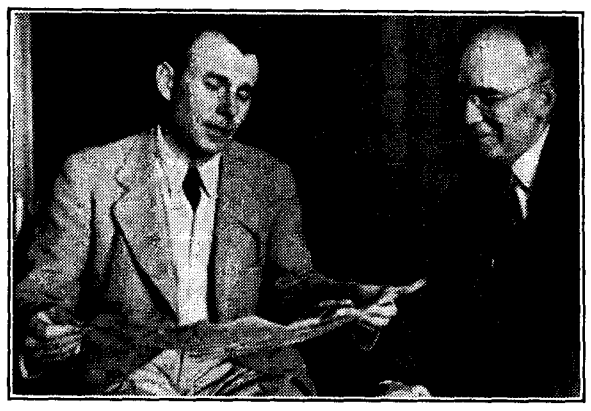
Louis-Ferdinand Céline, author of "Journey to the End of the Night," with Herbert F. Jenkins, vice president of Little, Brown.

Tess Slesinger with Whit Burnett, editor of Story, *at a cocktail party.* Story *printed "Missis Flinders," from Miss Slesinger's novel "The Unpossessed."*

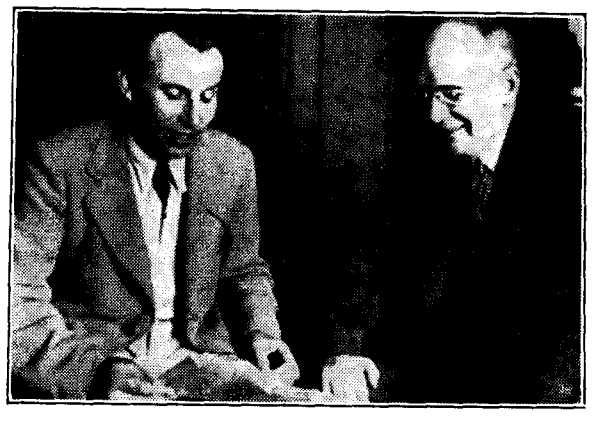


Dr. Céline's publisher takes him on a . . .

James Norman Hall describes Pitcairn Island at a Saturday Review *staff lunch. The Bowling Green listens attentively.*



journey to the end of The Saturday Review. . . .



is he reading Trade Winds, or the Personals? (After seeing the sights of New York, Dr. Céline has gone out to the Coast.)

Amabel Williams-Ellis, between George Stevens and Amy Loveman's hat, agrees to review "Hitler Over Europe" for this journal. Mrs. Williams-Ellis sailed home to England last week.

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Publishing in the U.S.S.R.

By MICHAEL ROSS

PUBLISHING in the Soviet Union is subject to the same conditions as all Soviet industry. It is state-owned, suffers from shortage of raw material, lacks sufficient trained personnel, cannot produce enough for the home market, yet must endeavor to export as much as possible in order to provide foreign valuta. Such was the state of things when I worked at the State Publishing House (Ogiz) for eighteen months as an editor in the foreign section of the Educational Department (Uchpedgiz).

The State Publishing House was established in Moscow in 1919 and has grown with every year. The Bolsheviks, laying great stress on the social importance of literature and its influence on the formation of public opinion, early determined to control not only newspapers but all printed matter from novels to scientific treatises and school primers. The declared intention of abolishing illiteracy lent added force to their publishing ardor. While many of their original ideals have become blurred with the passing of time, practical exigencies have not required them to modify this aim.

In the first flush of revolutionary enthusiasm the sole purpose of state publishing was control of the planned literary activities of the Communist state. Much water has flowed under the Moscow bridges since then. In 1931, when Stalin's famous Six Points for the regulation of Soviet industry were propounded, publishing in its turn was put on a basis of "commercial accounting." More regard has since been paid to the question of whether the costs of production are covered by the receipts from sales and Ogiz has little difficulty in showing a surplus of two to three million roubles a year. The thousands of schools, clubs, and public libraries which take much of its output are endowed by the state, by trade unions, or industrial trusts with ample funds for the purchase of books. The trade unions obtain such funds from membership dues, most industrial enterprises support a rabfac (workers' adult educational institute) and its book requirements out of their surplus of receipts over expenditure, whilst the state directly subsidizes numerous reading-centers.

Owing to the peculiar nature of Soviet economy it is always futile to compare the price of any article in the U.S.S.R. with its price in any other country. But some idea of the cost of books may be indicated by saying that to the Soviet reader books are much cheaper than to the American when compared with the prices of other staple products like boots, meat, and clothing. Since so much of this huge reading public is a post-revolutionary growth and is due to the educational activities of the Soviet authorities the question of whether the public gets the books it wants scarcely arises. They can't get enough books anyway and the ones they do get naturally follow the educational training they receive.

The State Publishing House is responsible for the major part of publications throughout the U.S.S.R. but is far from being a monopoly. Each republic in the Soviet Union has its own official establishment, which also prints in the local language where one exists. In 1913 printed matter appeared in only thirty-six languages while in 1932, owing to the Soviet policy of encouraging national cultures within the Union, the number had increased to ninety. The trade unions, the Red Army, the newspapers, and other bodies also maintain distinct publishing centers. But as in all Soviet enterprise there is no private capital and all are controlled directly or indirectly by the state.

This diversity of location allows a certain amount of competition since many publications issued by the different establishments are distributed over the entire home market and cater to the same public. An instance of the effect of this competition occurred while I was working in Moscow. A textbook for Soviet students of German had been submitted to our publishing house but had been rejected by the censor as too neutral politically. At this time Moscow censorship standards were particularly severe and required that positive communist morals should be inculcated even in the most non-political subject matter. Old-style phrases like "The pen of my aunt is on the table" were to be replaced by "The good peasants are on the collective farm." But the head of a foreign language institution in Moscow, lacking books for his students, arranged for the author to submit his manuscript to the Ukrainian Publishing House. There, as is the case generally outside of Moscow, the censor was less strict and the book was published. Then it was brought to Moscow and used in the schools quite legally.

In volume, Soviet publications easily exceed those of any other country. Thousands of new books and pamphlets are each year issued in millions of copies. But the quality of this output is extremely varied and ranges from reprints of the classics to tendencious brochures: from Stalin's latest speech to complete editions of Bernard Shaw. Since the beginning of the Five Year Plan in 1928 the yearly number of new book titles has increased from 34,200 to 53,800. In 1931 popular pamphlets were issued in editions of about 50,000, while editions of 10,000 were common for more serious works. Nevertheless the shortage of paper, printing shops, and efficient workers forced the cutting down of editions far below anticipated requirements. It resulted also in poor quality production which was particularly noticeable in school primers for which the paper used was often inferior to the worst newsprint in the United States. In textbooks which required foreign or phonetic alphabets and therefore were hand set, lack of supplies of the right kind of types produced mixtures of print on one page.

Many books were unobtainable a few days after publication. However big the editions in the case of favored authors, they were swallowed up by the numerous libraries attached to schools, trade unions, and clubs. Village reading rooms alone during the Five Year Plan grew from 21,300 to 46,000. Because of these prior claims such books as the works of Marx and Lenin, despite editions of up to 100,000, were always hard to find in the retail shops and kiosks. At the Moscow Publishing House we had a mailing list of several thousand libraries and clubs to which advance lists of books were sent.

The development of newspaper publication during the Plan was rapid and startling. In the course of five years 576 papers with a circulation of 8,800,000 throughout the Union increased to 6,500 papers with a circulation of thirty-six millions. As Soviet newspapers in general do not carry advertisements, crime, or social news they rarely exceed six pages. The consumption of papers in Moscow is enormous since it is common for people to buy four papers a day. A Russian friend of mine who managed one of the big industrial trusts regularly bought *Pravda* for the internal policy of the moment, *Izvestia* for its more complete foreign news service, *Towards Industrialization* for specific industrial progress, and *Socialist Farming* since his business involved the purchase of agricultural raw materials. Another and an odd use of newspapers resulted from the shortage of wrapping paper of all descriptions. While I was in Moscow it was common for customers to buy *Pravda* or *Izvestia* just before entering a shop, as it was fairly certain that no other means of wrapping up their goods would be available. I remember when buying salt one day having to leave it in a heap on the counter while I went to the street corner to buy a newspaper to take it away in.

Although so much of Soviet production is badly printed on low quality paper there is a limited amount of de luxe publishing. Good editions of Russian and other standard authors are issued mainly for export and sale in Russian circles abroad. Also a special edition of the weekly issue of *Moscow Daily News* is printed for sale outside the Union. Thus the publishing industry is able to contribute some foreign exchange to assist in obtaining the needed imports under the Five Year Plan; although of course its mite is so small that it may be considered merely as a demonstration of a principle rather than an effective contribution.

Everything which we issued from the Educational Section of the State Publishing House had to be passed by a censor whose office was at the Ministry of Education. No establishment could print unless the manuscript bore the censor's authorization. This in the form of a number preceded by the word Glavlit will be found on every book issued in the U.S.S.R. Our censor was a narrow Party member with little sense of humor and a talent for finding trivial things to object to. This was not very important as persuasion was often possible, but the frequent changes in official communist policy were responsible for real uncertainty.

Soon after I started work a more liberal attitude toward the classics was announced. My Russian colleague then produced the dust-covered proofs of an anthology of English poetry and told me its history. Two or three years before, when Lunacharsky was Minister for Education, classical literature was being encouraged. Mr. Alexander Wickstead, an English educator who lives in Moscow, was commissioned to prepare the anthology for use as a school primer. As is the custom on such occasions an English-speaking Soviet literary critic was asked to write an introduction discussing English poetry from a Marxist angle. But by the time the galley proofs were ready the Russian critic was in disgrace for Trotskyist "deviations." After some hesitation the editor cut out the introduction, intending to publish without it. In the meantime Bubnov replaced Lunacharsky at the Ministry of Education and there was a drive against the "bourgeois" classics. It was considered inadvisable to proceed with the project. Now, in view of another turn in policy, my colleague suggested to me that the book could be published if a short Marxist note were written for each poet included. But when I read through the proofs I decided this was hopeless. Burns was represented by "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," Shakespeare by "It was a lover and his lass," and most of the other selections were of this kind. I shrank from attempting the humorless task of reading Marxism into such examples, and the proofs remained buried.

The unique monetary conditions of Soviet Russia, where the purchasing power of the rouble varies with the occupation of the citizen, make it hard to discuss compensation for literary work. In general, however, it is acknowledged that literature is one of the better-paid professions. Demyan Bedny, the popular poet, was said to be the richest man in Russia while I was there. His daily topical poem, always about the dominant political question of the day, was published by *Pravda* and was comparable both in popularity and payment to Will Rogers's daily letter. Writers are usually paid on a royalty basis and are relatively well off. My own position as a foreigner was privileged and provides no standard of comparison. My Russian fellow editors received a basic salary of 250 to 350 roubles a month which is higher than the wages of many industrial workers. But as the coöperative store attached to Ogiz was not so well supplied nor were prices so low as in the stores attached to the more important industrial plants my friends were actually not so well off as the industrial workers. In Russia all large enterprises have a store reserved for their own employees. Thus the government has a very convenient method of distributing, according to its definite plan, goods of which there is a shortage. Commodities such as butter, sugar, meat, and clothing were always more plentiful in the stores at the Moscow electricity works than in our Ogiz store.

I worked in a room where about twenty desks, occupied by Educational Department editors, were jammed as closely as possible together. About sixty of us shared two telephones at which there were usually queues of four or five persons waiting. Work was often held up by shortage of paper, typewriters, and typists. Everywhere the inefficiency associated with and inherited from Tsarist Russia was evident. Outside our room sat a young girl of the peasant type in smock and kerchief. Between her duties of running messages and making tea in a samovar, she pored over an elementary Russian primer laboriously spelling out simple words.

The general level of the textbooks which we published for the teaching of English was not high and this disadvantage was aggravated by the inevitability of numerous printers' errors. One enthusiastic author came north from a large school on a state farm in the Caucasus to get his textbook published. His system was simple. He had taken the Russian language with all its complicated grammatical construction and had forced the English language into it, the result being a welter of declensions and cases unknown to any American schoolboy. His subject matter was entirely technical, using the words tractor, harvester, combine, etc. Adjectives consisted chiefly of the American makers' names. Within a few lessons he had plunged into the intricacies of machinery.

"What sort of English conversation will your pupils be able to carry on?" I asked in amazement.

"They are not going to converse but

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discuss technicalities with American engineers and read American textbooks," he replied. "We have to train engineers in three years and can allow only eighty hours for languages."

"But what hard words even in the first lesson," I protested.

"Hard?" he exclaimed, excitedly seizing the manuscript and pointing to the American names of agricultural machinery, "Why, every child of the thousands on our farm knows these words."

Our authors ranged from such enthusiastic communists, untrained as educators, to old pre-revolution specialists who were regarded with a suspicion in truth but partially justified. The mistakes they made came a good deal less from hostility to the Soviet regime than from complete inability to accept and understand the new "way of life."

Any attempt to estimate the future of publishing in the Soviet Union is extremely difficult and of questionable value. Change is still the predominant note but certain tendencies are discernible. Now that it is clear that the world proletarian revolution has been indefinitely postponed, the Soviet leaders are devoting their energies to consolidating their position as a national state among other states. Whilst they hold fast to their national plan and the centralized control it requires, in many other directions they are far less extreme. During 1932, at the same time that Stalin initiated a campaign against "foul liberalism," a much less strict proletarian element was required of Soviet writers. Novelists were freed from the necessity of making their characters discuss the class war at a rendezvous d'amour. In practice the "foul liberalism" turned out to signify Trotskyist opposition. Today the revival of fairy tales despite kings and queens, and of the classics despite their bourgeois origin, is in line with these tendencies. Whatever shifts and compromises take place it is certain that publishing activities will grow and develop. As the supply of printed matter overtakes the enormous demand and the reader can exercise more choice, there is every reason to expect that quality will not long lag behind Russia's exceptional quantity of output.

Travel and Trade

RED THUNDER. By Roy S. Durstine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1934. $2.

MR. DURSTINE'S impressions of his visit to Soviet Russia, Germany, and Austria, are set down according to his own advertising technique—large type, crisp sentences, one to a paragraph, frequently. They are breezy and stripped of waste words.

He liked the Austrians and Dollfuss; suspects that Americans over-accent the plight of the Jews in Germany and under-accent the Germans' need of hope and the extent to which Hitler has given it to them; is inclined to be sarcastic about Soviet Russians. The reception clerk at the National Hotel in Moscow was snooty enough until he found out what an important person Mr. Durstine was. Then he apologized. Give yourself a high ratting and stick to it with vigor and violence, is Mr. Durstine's recommendation to travellers to Soviet Russia.

As an advertising executive, he was interested in finding that ordinary commodity goods aren't advertised in Russia. It is a land without trade-marks. Just how, then, will our manufacturers find much of a market there? More specifically, how will a certain product, which a manufacturer has spent a lifetime in perfecting, be able to assert its individuality or to compete with inferior articles? Turning the same line of reasoning to his own country, Mr. Durstine suggests that the manufacturer's trade-mark "means more than any bureaucrat's approval."

He makes one excellent suggestion while discussing the customs of our newspaper correspondents residing abroad—that they should stick more to concrete reporting and cut down on those "six hundred words on the Japanese situation" which can always be pounded out to fill space. When there is really nothing to write, why not just lay off and save cable tolls? Why not, indeed, except that the endless columns of our Sunday newspapers must be filled with something, and the custom has grown up of expecting the resident correspondent in the European capital to send along every Thursday a column or so of more or less solemn generalization for the "second news section." This duty is one of the most boresome of the foreign correspondent's jobs, and the stuff itself should, one would think, be boresome to most readers. But managing editors won't see it that way.

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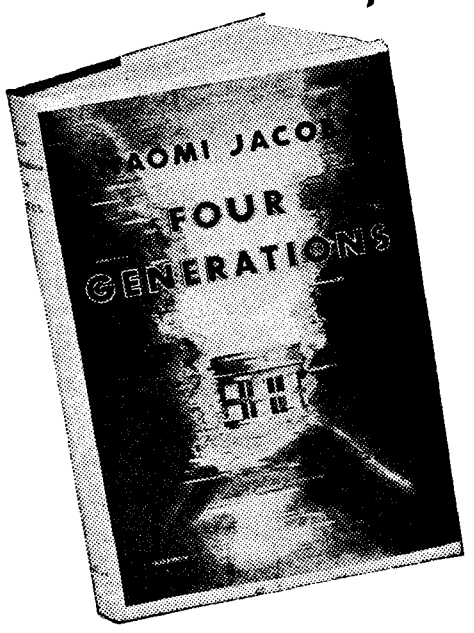

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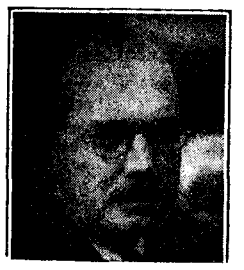

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Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

Shakespeare's Text and Marlowe's Life

A COMPANION TO SHAKESPEARE STUDIES. Edited by Harley Granville-Barker and G. B. Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $3.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE IN LONDON. By Mark Eccles. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE

THE "Companion to Shakespeare Studies" is in no way a bad book, and in many ways a good one, but it does not warm the heart. Its 346 pages, plus useful Reading List and Appendixes, can be read nearly as rapidly as an average novel; most of it can be forgotten as readily.

When Mr. Granville-Barker and Mr. Harrison associated twelve other English "leading experts" with themselves to produce the work, which their preface calls "the present transvaluing of critical values," they arranged (if we may believe the publisher's jacket) to avoid "problems" and controversial points, and (as they tell us themselves) they used their editorial authority to "clear away certain redundancies and weld the book into something like a whole." Their work, as well as that of the other contributors, has been expertly done; but there is something not altogether human about the spectacle of fourteen scholars making a survey of present-day Shakespeare knowledge while avoiding problems and controversial points, and knocking off fourteen subjects, from The Life of Shakespeare to Shakespearean Scholarship and The Staging of Shakespeare, at the rate of twenty-four pages each.

Nevertheless, the work of condensation and of conciliation is rather brilliantly effected, and some of the chapters call for special gratitude. Miss St. Clare Byrne's On the Social Background is packed with useful and not-too-current information. Mr. A. W. Pollard on Shakespeare's Text is masterly as one would expect; but perhaps he is too cheerful when he opines: "It may well be doubted whether the texts now circulating would not have seemed to Shakespeare miracles of correctness." Let us hope so, for it is not likely that our present amenders can much improve them. But there seems to be a fallacy in Mr. Pollard's calculation that the best quartos, assumed to be printed from Shakespeare's manuscript, contain only about one typographical error in thirty lines. Who knows? Mr. Pollard gets his average by counting the corrections made by the editors of the Globe Shakespeare, but when the Globe editors have corrected the provable misprints in the first quarto of "Richard II," for instance, how are they or we to know that they have removed all offence? Mr. Pollard admits that when a later quarto or folio text is collated with the first, the proportion of printer's errors is commonly greater than what he assumes that the first compositor made; and he explains this on the ground that, Shakespeare's handwriting being so bad, the printer had to take special pains, and thus turned out work materially better than when he was following plain print. We shall know when Shakespeare's manuscripts are discovered.

Mr. Granville-Barker, whose chapter on Shakespeare's Dramatic Art is the longest in the book, is always worth attending. His concluding section, "Fireside versus Theatre," is a spirited and not untimely defence of Shakespeare acted, in opposition to the "solitary firesiders," as he calls them, who like Mr. Pearsall Smith prefer Shakespeare in the study. The author is liberal with his wit and scorn at the cost of these patrons of "a bodiless drama"; but as the situation stands, there is bound to be casuistry on both sides of this dispute. The Elizabethans unquestionably preferred Shakespeare in the playhouse, and the poet intended nothing else. If we were Elizabethans, we should miss much by resorting to the quartos rather than to the Globe or Blackfriars. But we have the quartos still, and much knowledge to illuminate them which no Elizabethan had, whereas the authentic Shakespearean playhouse, with its mechanics, acting traditions, and audiences, has passed into the limbo of Ubi Sunt, whence no antiquarian revival can exorcise it. Mr. Granville-Barker and Mr. Pearsall Smith are not debating a direct issue. It is as if we should debate whether we come nearer to the art of Campion's songs by merely humming them to ourselves or by hearing them sung in an opera house to the accompaniment of a pianoforte.

Dr. Eccles's "Marlowe in London" should rank as the most important book of the year in the Elizabethan field. It is crammed with new material, fully and delightfully interpreted, and, though a little less spectacular, is as valuable as Mr. Hotson's famous volume of ten years ago. The documents turned up by Mr. Eccles illustrate Marlowe's friendship with another scholar-poet, Thomas Watson, and recount the incarceration of both in Newgate for homicide. They record a later brush of Marlowe with the constables in 1592. What is more important, they give us for the first time clear facts about the poet's residence in London during the period when he was writing his greatest plays. Naturally enough, he lived a stone's throw from the Theatre and Curtain.

False Alarums

DEAF WALLS. By Edmond Kowaleski. With a dedicatory preface to Leopold Stokowski. Philadelphia: The Symphonist Press. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS is a puzzling publication. It is offered with alarums and excursions, program and pretentiousness. It carries, upon the jacket, endorsements from Hervey Allen, Alfred Kreymborg, John Farrar, and William Alexander Percy, among others. Vachel Lindsay wrote (evidently several years ago, since he died in 1931), "You are striking out very courageously in a new direction."

The author also feels he is something of a pioneer, trail-blazer, and prophet. In the seventeen-page preface to his poems he declares, "In general my aims in poetry are threefold: to create two distinct new methods in poetry, the one of charm, the other of beauty, and to develop these through means of a kind of technique that would reconcile within itself Poe's paradox that 'a long poem does not exist' and that 'there must be the steady pressing down of the stamp upon the wax.' My particular discoveries," the author continues, with a perfectly straight face, "then, are summarily these: *the romance of realism, the imaginative shudder,* and *the symphonist movement.*" (The italics are the author's.) Elsewhere he hails Philadelphia as the center of the imminent American renaissance, "a movement that may indeed reach out to the ends of the earth" since it is evident that "in spite of the absolute derogation of New York as well as the utter listlessness of its people, Philadelphia, the locale of these poems, is the one representative American city where a really 'native' poetry (and by this I mean all art, in its *epic* sense, as deriving from a fusion with that vital effluence of a certain 'poetry' inherent in life itself) might take root and flourish and not be an inherent contradiction in terms."

One opens the volume with some trepidation and eagerness, in which curiosity, it must be confessed, is not absent. The first poem is entitled "Forget-me-not." This is it:

This is my blue forget-me-not for you.
Take it and wear it,
But only hearken first,
Here is the secret magic:
You must hold it forth amongst the shadows
In the limpid air
Where the brush is thickest and greenest;
For there you will see how truly fair
Is my blue forget-me-not for you.

Can this be "the new way of beauty," *the "romance of realism, and the imaginative shudder,"* the "profoundly personal sort of poetry which is usually left to be discovered posthumously," the poetry which is to establish the basis of a "Philadelphia Symphonist Movement Renaissance of the Future"? Let us dig a little deeper. This is the concluding poem of the "Poem Symphony, Opus 2: The Earthly Myth."

O storm,
O roused, careering tumult,
Slake the earth's great thirst!
Shiver and break against the trees,
Bow down their branches,
Wrest a torn fragrance there!
Shake and shatter the hardened crust of obdurate, harsh years,
Wash away the mold and dust and the trace of lingering tears!
Oh wake this hour of fate and death,
Let all your thunders quake!
Tomorrow we shall rise to see the newer dawning break.

Is there any relation, one wonders, between the encomiums, the grandiloquence of the program, the blatancy of the preface, and these quite orthodox and quite ordinary pieces of free verse? What, in short, is all the shooting about? A puzzling publication.

The Problem of Sensation

THE PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY OF SENSATION. By Charles Hartshorne. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN VINCENT HEALY

ALTHOUGH modern philosophy, led by Whitehead, is concerned chiefly with remaking the metaphysical horizon, so chopped and hacked by eighteenth century rationalism and nineteenth century fatalism that it is now nothing but a wasteland; and the Gestalt School is busy deracinating the sagebrush fields of the associationists, introspectionists, and behaviorists; no one has yet undertaken to show the unity between epistemology and psychology. The old coöperation between philosophy and psychology has been lacking in recent years; and in one field—esthetics—where coöperation is most needed, there has been very little. Croce has gone in a subjective direction, and Ducasse in one still more private: and the same point of view is apparent in our arts. Hartshorne, one of the first to attempt to reinterpret things in the light of Whitehead, the Gestalt School, and the methods of experimental psychology, is a mathematician, a philosopher, and a psychologist—an admirable equipment even if his style is consequently ponderous, ambiguous, conciliatory, and tentative.

The problem before Hartshorne—what is sensation?—is a problem which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries answered negatively, that is, by telling what it is not. Hartshorne answers this question directly and simply. A sensation, he says, is a quality, and a quality is what it is directly apprehended to be. The Gestalt School has shown that there is a physical correlate between the subjective experience and the object experienced; in short that one's perception of an object is the object itself and not, as the associationists and behaviorists have it, an indirect and uncertain compendium of one's former empirical experiences of that object. Hartshorne, however, departs from the Gestalt School. Where the Gestaltists place emphasis on the form of the sensation, the neural configurations a sensation arouses, Hartshorne's emphasis, that of a philosopher, is on an "affective continuum of esthetically meaningful, socially expressive, organically adaptive . . . functions." Whether this departure is because Hartshorne's results have led him to panpsychism, rather than to the quiet idealism of the Gestaltists, I cannot say, though it seems that this departure is aggravated by the fact that the Gestaltists insist that the quantitive methods of physics have no place in such a qualitative science as psychology, while Hartshorne feels that he cannot treat sensations scientifically unless he does some geometry. Nor is it a paradox for a mathematician to become a panpsychist: take Professor Whitehead.

Hartshorne's conclusion that there is a quality-resemblance between such sensations as the hearing of certain sounds and the perceiving of certain colors, that there is consequently a psychical element throughout the objective world, is reached, it seems to me, through a great deal of profound analysis and simple faith. I do not know enough to discuss his experimentalizing in psychology, but when he says that "the world, at least to savages, to children, and certain highly cultivated and intellectual persons, is a realm of feeling in continuity with feeling; in short spiritual," I should ask for his definition of an intellectual person before assenting to such a statement. The Gestaltists might object that a continuity of feeling is meaningless so far as intelligibility goes; and Professor Babbitt, turning in his grave, might cry out that there is no room for the "inner check" here. To the first objection it could be pointed out that all meaning is two-thirds sensation and one-third form, and to the humanists that there is a guiding principle, however indefinite it is, which Hartshorne calls "social love," and which is probably a refinement of Paulsen's *Zielstrebigkeit.* Yet it is this very principle that makes Hartshorne's grasp uncertain. Indeed one feels that at times he is guided more by this principle than by a direct apprehension of sensations. A direct apprehension of sensations leads straight to animism, of which panpsychism is a more intellectual type. It is true that in the end his world is bound to be a more beautiful one, and not a tragically beautiful one, as are the worlds of D. H. Lawrence and Robinson Jeffers where their sensations are qualities and their qualities refer to sex. Yet even if Hartshorne's world is less experimentally real it is more logically consistent.

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The New Books

Fiction

DESIGN FOR A STAIRCASE. By Guy Pocock. Dutton. 1934. $2.50.

The eight families living on Stair 7 of a London block of flats had no contact with one another till a fire one night got them all acquainted. Of their interaction thereafter Mr. Pocock makes a story which, in spite of alcoholism, smallpox, insanity, adultery, divorce, and death manages to retain the somewhat sugary constructiveness of a juvenile morality tale. Take it on a train trip; it's rather better reading than the sort of magazines you find in a club car.

E. D.

LIFE WITHOUT END. By Graham Seton. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.

Perhaps the most that can be said for this book is that the author's sincerity is more obvious than his logic. Sincerity is hardly a virtue, however, when it serves to emphasize the beautiful comradeship of war and deals in sentimental slogans that would make sacrifice the "science of power." (Mr. Seton is a Lieutenant-Colonel as well as a lyricist.) The purpose of the novel is apparently to show that the soulless discoveries of Freud and the "fustian" doctrines of Karl Marx are murdering the Christian spirit. To emphasize the finality of this thesis, the first and last chapters are called "Alpha" and "Omega," warning of the author's dull determination to point the philosophy of his story. He supports his belief with flabby rhetoric, tacked on to the description of a noble spirit wounded by post-war effort at revaluation and finding its wings again in a vision of God which, for Mr. Seton at least, is the final retort to science and its dependent, cynicism.

"Life Without End" is worth reading as a study in confusion. It was intended as something of the sort, but the author's own blind-spots are more indicative than those of his leading character. Hugh Richmond, of a glorious line of military Richmonds, decides to devote his life to the betterment of his fellow-men. At Oxford he is chiefly spiritual but also a cricket star in his free time. As a pastor he is God and Adonis to his little flock, but he bravely gives up the peace of English country life to become an officer in the war. This is the acme of generosity. With bright English sportsmanship, war and cricket are carefully connected, as in "Journey's End," but Sheriff's mood of nervous horror is replaced here by the spirit of Christ, which appears as a vision to Richmond and a dying friend. The hero's soul-mate nurses him to recovery from a vague wound but cannot save him from the ravages of scientific inquiry that follow the war. With easy categorizing science is personified by a breaker of vision who influences Richmond to renounce his belief in Christian doctrines and to contemplate suicide.

At this point in his narrative Mr. Seton leaps into a passage of invective, in the manner if not spirit of Romain Rolland. With splendid conviction he classes psycho-analysts as degenerates and all modern writing as a "literature of verbal improprieties." Richmond sees the light and returns to God and the hearth, leaving the General Strike to stew in its own implications. The author, we feel, is not so fortunate. If the Christian spirit can survive only through nineteenth century economics and in one religious frame there will be more than one lost generation. And Mr. Seton has not even the gift of language with which to defend himself.

E. C.

DUCK'S BACK. By Kate Mary Bruce. Day. 1934. $2.50.

In this, her first novel to be published in America, Mrs. Bruce's accomplishment is slender, and in more than one respect she demonstrates the defects of her virtues. Sincere and earnest to the point of being almost humorless—if you except a light-hearted but heavy-handed attempt to poke fun at her second main character—ambitious to a degree that cruelly intensifies her shortcomings as a novelist, "Duck's Back" moves slowly, and mostly in an exceedingly dull fashion, to a conclusion that is just short of being faintly nauseating.

Sara Hurst is the glamorous and compelling heroine off whose lovely back other people's feelings, hopes, aspirations, ideas, and very lives glide effortlessly. She is a raving beauty and she knows it; she is a man-eater who in the course of the novel sucks the very life-blood from two husbands and comes perilously close to ruining a third. But Helen Kent, the spinster-sister of her first husband, achieves a momentary triumph over Sara when she diverts her third prospect's attention to Sara's almost-as-glamorous but infinitely-more-human young daughter, Honey. Such an ending would have been much too Ethel M. Dell for Mrs. Bruce, whose sincerity goes the limit in this instance, who apparently felt that nothing short of a situation closer to life would be acceptable. The spinster in her turn becomes the victim of the malevolent woman, abandoning a lucrative writing-contract in Hollywood to become Sara's personal slave.

Mrs. Bruce is to be commended for her sure instinct in not ending the novel at its first climax—the happy wedding, the defeat of the vampire, the receipt, by Helen Kent, of a contract for her play from Hollywood. It is impossible, however, to commend her for the totally unconvincing manner in which she has handled practically every situation in her book, so that, as though by a masterstroke of genius, situations ordinarily sound assume an air of unparalleled artificiality. The beauty, the diabolical non-

(*Continued on next page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE TALKING SPARROW MURDERS *Darwin L. Teilhet* (Morrow: $2.)	Sparrow in Heidelberg chirps "I'm caught!", old man is killed, young American and Herr Kresch have superheated time.	Grand atmosphere, buckets of plot, wicked Nazi villains, and good love story admirably mixed.	*Kolossal!*
OUT WENT THE TAPER *R. C. Ashby* (Macmillan: $2.)	Triple murder, haunted ruin, ditto house, believable ghost, and inquiring young Rhodes scholar in eerie Welsh hills.	Warranted to freeze most torrid vertebrae on hottest night (by author of "It Walks by night," *q. v.*).	Br-r-r!
THE STREET OF THE SERPENTS *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2.)	Three men and a girl form syndicate to hunt treasure in Alhambra, running afoul murderous Mr. Abdullah.	Adventure outweighs crime, but enough blood-letting to please most readers, and grand Spanish scenery.	Exciting
SYNTHETIC GENTLEMAN *Channing Pollock* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Gent-adventurer on his uppers stumbles on Long Island beauty, impersonates rich boy accused incognito of murdering Tammany boss.	More lerve and adventure than straight detective fans relish, but it's all very breezy and readable, with good comic relief.	Amusing
MR. PIDGEON'S ISLAND *Anthony Berkeley* (Crime Club: $2)	Mr. Pidgeon, eccentric legatee, invites explosive assortment of guests on yachting party with malice aforethought. Roger Sheringham goes along.	Our author is getting less interested in sordid crime, more in character and situation. Result, unusual story for intelligent fans.	Swell

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JOHN ANISFIELD AWARD

The Saturday Review has the honor to announce a prize of $1,000 established by Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf of Cleveland, Ohio, in memory of her father, to be called the John Anisfield Award. The prize will be awarded annually after August first of each year, to a sound and significant book published in the previous twelve months on the subject of racial relations in the contemporary world. The prize will be administered by a committee of judges consisting of Henry Seidel Canby, Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, Henry Pratt Fairchild, Professor of Sociology in New York University, and Donald Young of the Social Science Research Council. Books submitted for the award may be sent to the Anisfield Award Committee, care of *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. The first award will be made to a book published between August 1, 1934, and August 1, 1935.

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Reviewing THE REVIEW

At this time every year, the Circulation Department is in a cheerful mood, to say the least. July is *The Saturday Review's* big month for renewals, and this has been a big July. Our desk is piled high with subscriptions, and with many of them has come some pleasant comment. To give you an idea . . .

Didn't Miss a Copy, Even in Europe

"Were it not so hot I could write a very, very long letter telling you of all the things that I like in *The Saturday Review.* Briefly, however, I would say that even during my recent year abroad I did not miss a single copy, and that, by and large, I read it through each week from front to back—including advertisements and personals." *B. E., New York City.*

A Stimulating Pleasure

"I am enclosing check for renewal of my own subscription and for a year's subscription for a friend who greatly enjoys the Double-Crostics. Besides those, which I find a stimulating pleasure in my eighty-fourth year, I like most Dr. Canby's editorials, *The Bowling Green,* the reviews." *E. B. S., West Roxbury, Mass.*

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A Guide for Both Personal and Library Buying

"My chief interest in *The Saturday Review* is in the estimates of new books that are published. They guide me in my own purchases and in my recommendations for the college library. These reviews are my most valuable source of information as to what is going on in the field of literature." *W. S. G., De Land, Florida.*

And as long as we are on the subject—*The Saturday Review* costs $3.50 for one year in the United States and Pan-American Postal Union; $5.00 in Canada; 18 shillings in Great Britain; and $4.50 elsewhere. Why not become a regular subscriber? The address is below.

The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45th St., New York City

Double-Crostics: Number 17

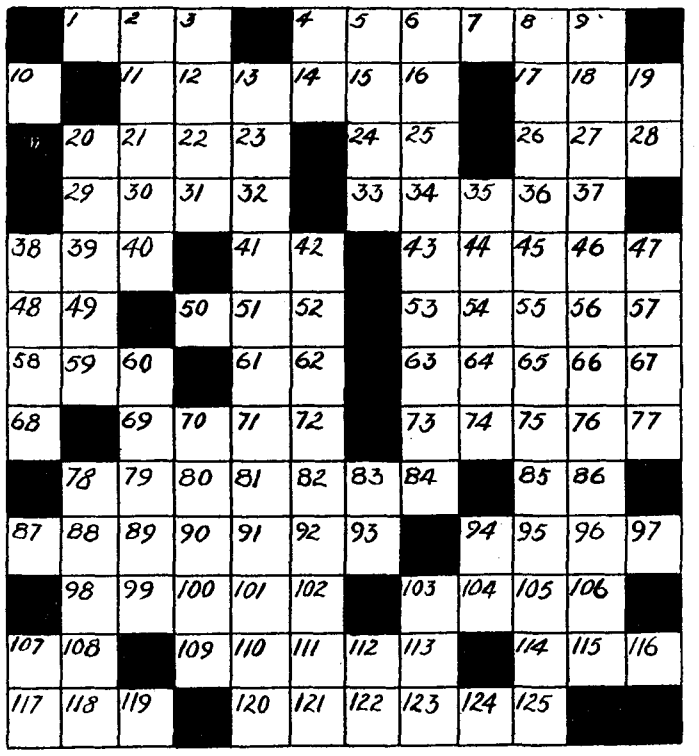
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-one words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 22-10-98-105-91-119-79. Foolishly sentimental.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 61-87-34-6-103-67-121-55. A Homeric hero.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 90-48-68. Yellow-flowered, medicinal plant.	_ _ _
IV. 94-113-32. Solution of sodium hydroxide.	_ _ _
V. 56-49-73-115. A European capital.	_ _ _ _
VI. 1-35-84-78-16-52. Carried lightly.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 60-116-111-27-95-46-80. Agreeable quality of sound.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 88-101-45-76-7-3-72-65. Valuable family possession.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 54-96-15-47-122-70. Given in response to applause.	_ _ _ _ _ _
X. 43-89-102-85. Rupture or schism.	_ _ _ _
XI. 86-24-107-13-58-33-31. To exceed in duration.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 17-4-75-38-118. To cast down in estimation.	_ _ _ _ _
XIII. 51-28-110-39-23-104-81. Retributive justice.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 8-97-14-112-125-83-74-92-124. Immortal.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 37-41-100-18-117. Depicts, expresses.	_ _ _ _ _
XVI. 109-11-64-59-21-120-114. Composition for a monument.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 50-9-25-62-108-19-40-36. Pale flower of Hades.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 77-30-63-12-57. Quality of Ichabod Crane's voice.	_ _ _ _ _
XIX. 53-99-5-29-69. Soft uncooked paste.	_ _ _ _ _
XX. 106-66-123-26-93-82-42. Appellative.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 20-44-2-71. German bone of French contention.	_ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 16)
GAY—"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

Let us drink and sport today,
Ours is not tomorrow.
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is naught but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

chalance of Sara Hurst; the heartbreaks of Helen Kent, who brought up the child Honey only to lose her to her mother's tender mercies; the devastating effect of Sara on every man she met; the ruined life of her first husband; her impossible mother; the stoic Kent grande-dame; the absorption of Helen Kent herself—not one of those characters moves a human muscle; not one of these situations emerges from a condition of complete stasis. A motion-picture could be made from "Duck's Back" that would be a sounder piece of work than its original.

A. C. B.

BESSIE COTTER. By Wallace Smith. Covici-Friede. 1934. $2.

CHILDREN OF THE POOR. Anonymous. Vanguard. 1934. $2.50.

It should be amply evident, after a reading of these two books, that a social conscience alone will not make for a good novel. Both products of disillusionment and cynicism, both directly involved with the results of economic determinism, one is the work of a clever artist and will provide hilarious entertainment despite its sordid subject-matter, the other is the work of an earnest moralist and will move the reader to indignation, despite the clumsiness of its presentation. Somewhere between the two lies the truth, in so far as it is ascertainable.

Mr. Smith's novel harks back to the days when Chicago was a wide-open town and the great war on "white slavery" was in full progress. The action of his story takes place entirely within the walls of a parlor-house of the two-dollar variety. In a swift prose-style, the author introduces rare character after character, novel situation after novel situation, rapidly establishing an atmosphere authentic in detail and mood. There is no condemnation in "Bessie Cotter," no crusading, no sign of criticism. So thoroughgoing is the author's cynical amusement that he can convulse the reader; he has written a gay book and a funny one but one that never plumbs the depths of the human problem it has stated.

The anonymous author of the autobiographical "Children of the Poor" also introduces a prostitute—his sister; and we wonder what she would have said to Bessie Cotter's remark: "it ain't low wages" that drives girls into prostitution. "A girl that would go down the line for a living would go down the line, regardless. And them that won't—won't." Reared in the most abject poverty, feeding on left-over scraps their mother managed to bring home, dressed in cast-off clothes, consistently half-starved and despised for their degradation, Rose Porcello went on the streets at ten, was a regular visitor at a Chinese den in New Zealand before she was eleven; her brother, the author of this book, took the only line open to him since he was not a girl—he was a thief. He is bitter, and well he might be; his bitterness frequently carries him to sentimental extremes of exposition and commentary, but the solidity of his accomplishment remains. He has not written a fine autobiography, though he has written a moving one. It is a document of the gutter that will stand with other such documents when, if ever, the gutter that is the inevitable concomitant of inordinate affluence, shall have disappeared for ever.

International

THE TWO AMERICAS. By Stephen Duggan. Scribners. 1934. $1.75.

Dr. Duggan discusses the contrasting backgrounds of the Latin American republics and the United States; their present-day differences, social, political, economic; the Monroe Doctrine, interventions in the Caribbean, relations with the League of Nations, Pan-Americanism, misunderstandings on both sides, and their possible remedies. His exposition is sound enough, on the whole, if trite and colorless, and not infrequently marred by loose generalizations, of no great significance, but just inaccurate enough to mislead those unacquainted with the facts and to exasperate those who are. On page 174, in speaking of the material benefits generally conferred by our interventions in the Caribbean on the countries concerned, he states, for example, that "in Haiti, roads and railroads were built connecting the principal cities."

The statement about railroads is not only wrong in fact but worse in connotation, calling up as it does in the casual American reader's mind a vague picture based on what railroads have done in the past in opening up his own country. Such railways as there are in Haiti were, with the exception of a little arm running up from St. Marc to the village of Virrette, built before intervention. They consist of a little-used line between St. Marc and Port au Prince, and a short bit from Cape Haitien to Bahon, mainly used for logwood. As a matter of fact, railways play a negligible role in Haitian transportation, and probably always will. Coffee, the main crop, still comes down from the hills on donkey-back and peasants' heads; and the tangle of mountains of which the country is made up, plus native habits, plus the convenience and economy of motor-trucks when rapid, heavy transportation is really demanded, make the steam railroad a comparatively obsolete device here as in many similar tropical mountain neighborhoods.

Juvenile

DAVY CROCKETT. By Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace. 1934. $2.50.

Miss Rourke must have had a lot of fun collecting legends about Davy Crockett; so much fun that she apparently forgot the man in his bibliography. He doesn't appear in this book. There are stories about him, and a vague chronology, and plenty of stories he is said to have told. His language rings true; the whole book rings true enough; but it lacks the touch of life. One can't believe that there wasn't a Davy Crockett who was a human being as well as a hunter, with special qualities of his own, instead of a lay figure who might be any one of a hundred early Western pioneers, if his name and a few biographical and geographical details were changed.

There is a wild turkey gobbler with flesh and blood; and a pale sharper whose game was thimblerig has some, too. Otherwise the book is full of shadows.

The jacket flap says rather incidentally that it was written for young readers. It won't satisfy any little dear who has felt that marvellous and mysterious click with which Peter Rabbit comes to life; early Tennessee and Texas are not nearly as real here as Beatrix Potter made Farmer McGregor's garden!

E. N. S.

Miscellaneous

AMERICAN PLAYS PRINTED 1714-1830. A Bibliographical Record. Compiled by Frank Pierce Hill. Stanford University Press. 1934. $3.50.

Bibliographies are coming fast out of the West! The latest is a very interesting little check list of 347 American plays printed from 1714 to 1830. It is based on the second edition of "Early American Plays" published by Oscar Wegelin in 1905 and the annotated manuscript catalogue of Dr. Fred W. Atkinson's great collection

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now in the Library of the University of Chicago. Titles, imprints, sizes, and pages are given in briefest form under the authors' names, which are alphabetically arranged as are the short lists of titles and contents which follow. There are occasional notes based largely on those in the Wegelin volume. Initial letters indicate the libraries where copies of the items mentioned may be found.

Although the author states that a great number of the plays in the Atkinson Collection were bought from the library of Mr. William Augustus White, he does not mention the catalogue compiled for Dodd & Livingston for the sale. This contains a very delightful preface by Mr. Livingston full of absorbing information and much of the source material used by later writers. Mr. Livingston describes the early plays as issued stitched, without covers, at a nominal price primarily for players and audience, adding: "A notable exception was the copy of Tyler's 'The Contrast' which the author had bound and presented to Washington." This book is one of the best and rarest examples of early American binding extant today. Bindings are not described by Mr. Hill. He does tell us that the earliest listed play, "Androboros" (meaning man-eater), was printed by William Bradford at "Monoropolis" (meaning Fool's town, otherwise New York) in 1714. It ridiculed Colonel Nicholson and Dr. Vesey, political enemies of the author, Governor Hill. It was never acted. Also, that the first professional performance in America was probably given by an English strolling player, Anthony Aston, in 1703. All this and more starts an interesting train of thought and consequently this bibliographical record, while containing very little original research, certainly suggests some possibilities for further study.

B. C.

Science

CREATION'S DOOM. By Desiderius Papp. Appleton-Century. 1934. $3.

This book will be a strong medicine, but a stimulating one to those who like to think of the human race as the Lord of Creation and the Pinnacle of Evolution, for Dr. Papp has put into thrilling form the story of our planet's place in the scheme of things, and reduces the human species, even life itself, to its true status as an unimportant and ephemeral event in the stream of time. He traces the drama of life on earth, and the rise to dominance and fall to ignominious extinction of race after race of plants and animals, and then essays to draw aside the curtain which hides the future and predict the ultimate fate of man. With the skill of a mystery thriller writer he leads the reader in anxious suspense to view the possibility of the extinction of life as a result of such cosmic catastrophes as the collision of our sun with another star, or the bombardment of our planet by meteors from space, only to show eventually that these are not the "real murderers." The final death of the human species is from quite other causes, and to reveal them here would be like giving away the secret of a detective story. In the end he wipes out not only mankind, but all life, and even our planet itself!

The story is vividly told, and in the telling is embellished with colorful phrases. In itself the tale is so exciting as to need no embellishment, and the author's striving after dramatic effect becomes, at least to this reviewer, a little wearing; it is like listening to a speech which is all peroration or a symphony which is all coda. Dr. Papp was originally a journalist who turned to study astronomy under Flammarion, and the book bears the imprimatur of both influences. Lacking a sound general scientific training, the author commits blunders in physics, chemistry, geology, and biology which would not be made by the proverbial and much overworked schoolboy student of these sciences. However, these do not mar the main theme of his thriller.

S. F. K.

Latest Books Received

FOREIGN

Du Cantique des Cantiques au Chemin de la Croix. Grasset.

INTERNATIONAL

Post-War France. P. Vaucker. London: Butterworth.

MISCELLANEOUS

First Aid Hints for the Horse Owner. W. E. Lyon. Scribners. $3. *The Mooney-Billings Report.* Gotham House.

PAMPHLETS

The Plight of the Share-Cropper. N. Thomas. League for Industrial Democracy. 10 cents. *Traffic in Death.* J. B. Matthews. League for Industrial Democracy. 5 cents.

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SHALL we talk of talking books? *Frank L. Dyer,* of Ventnor, New Jersey, sometime ago introduced himself to me as the inventor and patentee of talking books. These, he says, were predicted by *Cyrano de Bergerac,* and subsequently by imaginative writers like *Kipling* and *Wells,* by scientists like *Edison,* and they are referred to in the report of the Presidential committee on Social Trends. But, the floor for Mr. Dyer:

> A talking book is really a long-playing phonograph record. You will readily see that if printing is reduced to microscopic size it can be read by optical amplification. In an analogous way, sound can be recorded microscopically and can be heard by the amplifying effect of vacuum tubes such as are used in radio sets.
>
> I have succeeded in making records containing forty-five minutes of playing time on a single face of a disk thirteen inches in diameter. This can be very greatly increased, but in order that the technical work may be as simple as possible, I am contemplating making records playing only thirty minutes on a face. This will make it possible to make talking books for the blind, for those of defective eyesight, for invalids and shut-ins, and also for the great mass of people who regard reading as a task.
>
> Of course the time limitation proposed by me curtails somewhat the choice of subject matter, nevertheless, stories like Dickens's "Christmas Carol," Poe's "Gold Bug," Stevenson's "Bottle Imp," De Maupassant's "Diamond Necklace," and many of the short stories of O. Henry could be readily placed on one or both faces of a phonograph disk, although perhaps, in some cases, portions will have to be omitted.
>
> Of course no copyrighted work would be used unless a satisfactory arrangement is reached with the copyright owner. It is my present thought that credit should be given on the face of the record to the person suggesting the selection, although this may not be possible.

My attention has been called to a bit in "The Rainbow Bridge" by *John Strong Newberry* (Houghton Mifflin)—I once served on the staff of the *Yale Record* when Mr. Newberry was Chairman of that august periodical! The passage, germane to this emporium of good eggs, runs as follows:

> Another symbol of the Yang was the Red Bird of Phoenix, also a compound totem with a chicken's head, a swallow's chin, a serpent's neck, and a fish's tail. The five colors are blended in its plumage, and its call is a harmony of the five notes. It presides over the South. The sun is the egg which hatches it. It seems to represent fire, since it consumes itself and rises from its ashes. Its appearance heralds prosperity, its vanishing brings a curse upon the land. Thus it conforms exactly to the traditions of Bel-Marduk, who also was symbolized by a bird, stood for the element fire, and annually restored prosperity by rising from the dead.

So now you know what I look like!

When *Gertrude Stein* comes over here to lecture on "The History of English Literature as I understand it," I hope to be able to understand likewise. . . . They say that *George Milburn,* the magnificent short story writer, is now in England; but, as I made a mistake about his whereabouts before, I stand open to correction. . . . *Valentine Williams,* the detective-story writer, is now back in the mother country. He stuck it out with us for three years. . . . *Margaret Ayer Barnes's* novel, "Within This Present," has been bought by Universal Pictures. . . . *Booth Tarkington* expects to have his "Little Orvie" in book form fairly soon. The stories about Little Orvie have been running in the *Saturday Evening Post.* I have enjoyed them. . . . *Margaret Goldsmith* wrote "Christina of Sweden," and they made a picture out of it for the *Great Garbo.* Now Miss Goldsmith's publishers, Doubleday, Doran, have a new biography by her on their Fall list. It concerns *Franz Mesmer,* the original of Mesmerism. Miss Goldsmith shows that Mesmer was not a quack. He made a great discovery, but was only half-aware of its significance. . . . *Dennis Wheatley,* who wrote "Black August" and "Old Rowley" (the latter book about Charles II), recently signed a contract with the Gaumont-British Corporation for scenarios. . . . *George Macy* has secured for the Limited Edition Club, Inc., an agreement with *Henri Matisse* to make a series of lithographs to illustrate *James Joyce's* "Ulysses," and also a series of copper-plates engraved by *Pablo Picasso,* to illustrate Aristophanes's "Lysistrata." The Matisse edition of "Ulysses" will be issued in 1935; but the Picasso edition of "Lysistrata" is now in the hands of Limited Editions Club subscribers. . . . In August will appear *John Masefield's* new novel of the sea, "The Taking of the *Gry.*" They say it has a most original plot. . . . *Berton Braley* has written a swinging narrative poem of Morgan the great Buccaneer, which Macmillan will publish in October. . . . *Robert Gessner,* of New York City, won *The New Republic* Prize for the best poem dealing with the Reichstag Fire Trial. His effort was called "Cross of Flame." He is author of that book of revolutionary poetry, "Upsurge" (Farrar & Rinehart), which wasn't so very good. Poems by *Helen Wolfert* of New York City and *R. W. Wiley* of Florence, Italy, have been bought by *The New Republic* for publication; and the judges gave honorable mention to poems by *Isidor Schneider* and *George Salvatore,* both of New York City, and to *Stephen Spender* (of whom you may have heard) of London, England, as well as to a second poem submitted by *Mr. Wiley.* More than 140 poets entered the contest, four percent of them writing from a pro-Nazi point of view. The winner got fifty bucks. . . . *John White* of Westfield, N. J., sends me a bit of Americana entitled "*D. J. O'Malley*—Cowboy Poet." Back in the latter part of June Mr. O'Malley had a high old time distributing copies of this brochure to a few cronies, at the fiftieth anniversary of the Montana Stock Growers' Association at Miles City, Montana. I like this verse from "D-2 Horse Wrangler":

He put me in charge of a cavard,
And told me not to work too hard,
That all I had to do was guard
The horses from getting away.
I had one hundred and sixty head,
And oft times wished that I was dead,
When one got away Brown he turned red.
Now this is the truth, I say.

ONE-WAY SONG

What am I to say of "One-Way Song" by *Wyndham Lewis,* which comes to me from Faber & Faber Ltd., in London, by way of the Holliday Bookshop? To me it isn't poetry at all. It is a lot of inflated doggerel by one who can be at times a brilliant controversialist, has been a sensational editor, has something of unsmelted genius, is a most modern and satiric artist—and apparently doesn't know what poetry is. There is some cosmos in this ego, but the spiced goulash that he makes of his verse is not properly cooked. It's highly indigestible. I prefer far less ego. I also prefer that anyone attempting verse should, at least, have mastered a few of the first principles of verse-writing; and, at lesser than least, have a vestige of rhythm in his blood. Astonishing that Wyndham Lewis hasn't, but you certainly wouldn't guess it from this deformed and hobbling stuff!

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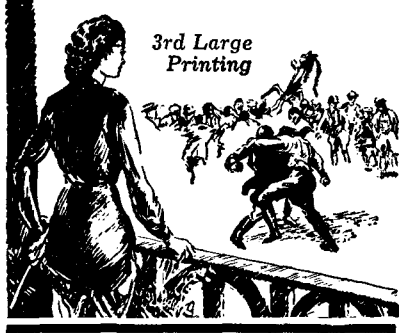

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

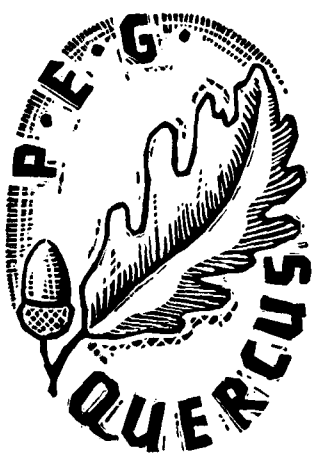
☞Old Quercus, now really about to vacate, has been thinking about Travel. Nothing in New York pleases him more than the Midtown Bus Terminal, between 43 & 44 Sts. There he sees the big Greyhounds ready to pull out for all sorts of queer places, and a Chaucerian starter bawling the names of towns through an amplifier. ☞If one were climbing aboard a bus for a long ride, that block on 44th Street would provide a various and amusing Farewell to All This. You could lunch on Vital Foods at Bernarr MacFadden's Penny Restaurant; or of course at the good old Lucca, rich with wopvictual. ☞For reading matter you would step into Schultz's News Agency and choose among its extraordinary assortment of papers. In the window we see, among so many others, the *Limerick Leader, The Kerryman, Model Railway News, Metronome, Nudist, Menorah Journal, Cage Birds, L'Illustration, Cornhill, Rutland Daily Herald, Vie Parisienne, London Studio, Paris Plaisirs, La Prensa, Corriere dei Piccoli, Imparcial, Tampa Morning Tribune, Budapesti Hirlap, Nordisk Tidende, Tit-Bits, What To Do In Westchester.* The good old *Strand Magazine,* we notice, no longer uses the once familiar picture of Southampton Street on its cover, but a view of Cleopatra's Needle. ☞And at Schultz's you can also get the *Saturday Review*—then, with a lapfull of these reading matters, ho for a Greyhound Bus! ☞As a matter of fact Quercus's own reading just now is a minuscule book published by McKay in Philadelphia, *How To Get All You Want When Travelling in Spain.* Old Quercus is not going to Spain, however, but to South America.

⁂ ⁂

☞A writer whose candid and sardonic mood pleases Quercus very much is Westbrook Pegler, of the N. Y. *World-Telegram.* We have long hoped that some day he will have something for us between book covers. ☞The Ulysses Bookshop, 21 West 51, offers for $200 what it believes "the finest inscribed copy of any W. H. Hudson book." It is a copy of *The Crystal Age* (1887) which the author describes as "an expression of weariness at our too complex system of life." ☞If any of our readers are going along Oxford Street in London this summer please stop in at Bumpus's Bookshop and give our regards to the learned and alert Mr. Wilson. ☞For catalogues that raise a rumpus in our bosom, here's to Bumpus. ☞We like the sound of the Inexpensive Limited Editions ($2 each) announced by the Peter Pauper Press, 376 Main Street, New Rochelle, N. Y., particularly the Love Poems of John Donne. ☞Lately we commended Donne's emotional spirals to a young lawyer from Illinois; the last we heard she was leaving her law office early to go swimming in a quarry. ☞*Natural History,* the magazine published by the American Museum of Nat. Hist., has become a very beautiful and attractive journal, with superb photographs. It is edited by Hawthorne Daniel. ☞The always charming Wakefield Bookshop, 21 East 54, sends out its list of Summer Reading with a restful picture of its patron saint (the immortal Vicar) fallen asleep under a tree with a book spread on his chest. We are pleased that the Wakefield highly commends *Matador,* which we found brilliant reading.

⁂ ⁂

☞Reynard Biemiller has drawn for Trade Winds a symbolic representation of a Whiteoak, not of Jalna but of Quercus.



☞Cleaning up arrears in this weather (muchisimo calor) we found a long-preserved folder from Harriet I. Nash of Mahwah, N. J., who specializes in ulnariculture (or ulnoculture?). It says "the warm pink glow of a perfectly rounded elbow is a joy unconfined to the exacting woman." ☞Our own elbow is kept in a warm pink glow by friction on this old hornbeam desk. ☞It is what the newspaper financial pages call a Sensitive Index of Production. ☞Stuart Chase will speak, July 24 at 9 p.m., on *Dead Cats and the New Deal,* in the back garden of the Gotham Book Mart (famous for cats). Admission 2 bits; proceeds to the Artists and Writers Dinner Club.

⁂ ⁂

☞Mr. Richard L. Simon of Simon & Schuster plans to visit Hawaii on his wedding trip. Aloha nui! ☞Mr. Nelson Doubleday of Doubleday Doran made his debut as an author when he wrote and signed a note about A. P. Herbert for the *Book of the Month Club News* (July.) Apropos Mr. Herbert's good-humored passion for reforming the anomalies of British Law, Mr. Doubleday tells an excellent anecdote of a time when Herbert visited the House of Commons:—

> The debate was long and late. At one o'clock one of the members of the House asked him to step into the refreshment room and have a whiskey and soda. Herbert was frightfully indignant at the idea that the members of Parliament who make the laws could do their drinking at any hour of the day or night, but the man in the street, for whom the laws were made, could only do it at prescribed times. He raised a tremendous fuss in the papers about this, and it generally became the subject of talk and debate in the many clubs of London.

☞We were interested to note that in this year's Final Examination in English, set by the Regents for the High Schools of N. Y. State, the second question was based upon an editorial in our own *Saturday Review.* ☞Donald Gordon of the American News Co. pipes *Tom Tiddler's Ground* by Edward Shanks (Bobbs Merrill) as his Dark Horse for July fiction. ☞Under the tutelage of Señor Don Cameron Rogers of the Grace Line, Quercus has been investigating Chilean wines. Owing to the depression of Chilean exchange these noble vintages are now very inexpensive and compare favorably (to connoisseurs who choose by actual savor, not just by familiar names) with the most famous European wines. The Three Hours for Lunch Club was enchanted with *Vina Undurraga,* a delicate white wine of Rhenish type, and with *Vina Vial,* a Burgundy. ☞Those who are curious in these matters can learn details from the Vintner Corporation, 64 Water Street, N. Y. Chile has been making wine for exactly 400 years. Muy suave! Hasta la vista!

⁂ ⁂

☞Says the Foreword to Doubleday Doran's autumn catalogue: "The undying hope that the next manuscript you read will be the most exciting book that ever came into your hands makes this one of the most fascinating of trades." ☞Among the many interesting notes in said catalogue we note with excitement the announcement (for October) of Don Marquis's long anticipated work of theology, *Chapters for the Orthodox.* Mr. R. B. Hunt, the crisp pen-point of the Doubleday Spearhead, says Mr. Marquis's book is one of the few really Christian books ever written. ☞Old Quercus suddenly thinks of Old Charley Finger who was born on Xmas Day (in the Année Terrible, 1871). Has he a new book coming? Omar Khayyam coined the best blurb for him: The Moving Finger Writes.

⁂ ⁂

☞Our favorite poet of middle-aged disillusion is Dove Dulcet, who hasn't been heard from for a long while. He sends us his latest, from Skunk's Misery, Conn.:—

In disillusioned mood I fret
I'm fixing for a quarrel:
For what I picked as mignonette
Was only wayside sorrel.

Which reminds us of Tennyson's poem about Hay Fever:—

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye
And goldenrod, and ragweed high;
And through the field the road
runs by—
My nose runs too. I damn a lot.

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Clever Roger Sheringham On Job in Brilliant New Crime Club Selection

GARDEN CITY, L. I. (Special to the *Saturday Review of Literature*). Mystery fans are praising Mr. Pidgeon's Island, new novel by Anthony Berkeley, author of The Poisoned Chocolates Case and Dead Mrs. Stratton, according to the publishers, the Crime Club, Inc. First reviews received include that of Wings, journal of the Literary Guild, "There's plenty of excitement and suspense in this mystery, a story of murder and violence," while from down in Nashville, Tenn., comes this comment of the Tennessean critic, "if you like a detective story that depends for its quality upon something more than a mere mathematical plot, we can recommend Mr. Pidgeon's Island without reservation . . . a book that reads rapidly." *The New Yorker*—just out—also reports, "here's a Roger Sheringham story which means that you can be sure of nice people . . . and a neatly turned plot." Mr. Pidgeon's Island is at all bookshops, $2. CRIME CLUB, INC.

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"PEDICULI" is the name of an Honour Society which invites to membership Professors of English literature who have distinguished themselves in Shake-speare study. The name derives from Paedagogi Meticulosus. The emblem is a shield of yellow bearing crossed twigs of Larkspur and Buhach. Already invited are Professors Rosenbach, Pennsylvania; Hotson, Haverford: Brooke, Yale; Adams, Cornell; Eccles, Harvard; Craig, Stanford; and Guy Montgomery, California. Any other names suggested by Review readers will be investigated by the Committee and if found worthy, will be enrolled. All persons believing that Edward DeVere, 17th Earl of Oxford, was "William Shake-speare" are ineligible. George Frisbee.

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B. P.—Impossible to be at Waldorf. Write —give address. La Vere.

CONTEMPORARY—Intensely interested. Write. Give address. Sadly misunderstood. La Vere.

FOR RENT. Attractive, old-fashioned, furnished house. Located in village high, cool Berkshires, western Massachusetts. Eight rooms, two fireplaces, soft water and well water piped into house. Not modern. Family with children welcome. $30 a month. Address M, SATURDAY REVIEW.

NEW ENGLAND backwoods cabin desired by young couple for two weeks late August. Must be near lake or ocean. TRUANTS.

POET: composes acceptable poems on whatever subject you desire. Poems never duplicated. Write, stating theme, verse form, length. Rates reasonable, satisfaction guaranteed. MARTIN, 2187 S. OWASSO, TULSA, OKLAHOMA.

PROFESSIONAL men and women while seeking permanent positions or wishing part-time work are wanted to assist in operation of Cooperative Residence, luxurious hotel, picturesque 16 acres, Westchester. Carfare 10c to Times Square. Work 20 hours and pay $4.50 weekly in exchange for room, board. Write Union Church, 229 West 48th, New York.

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ATLANTIC, Gut of Canso, St. Lawrence, Thousand Islands, Niagara Falls, Great Lakes, WORLD'S FAIR. Auxiliary sailer. Aryan group from Boston. Qualified skipper. No fastidious softies. Inchcliffe Castle.

REASONABLE BOARD. Old college town, Blue Ridge Mountains; cool nights. Box 773, Lexington, Virginia.

BE OUR GUESTS for vacation in Catskills. Food awfully good and plentiful. Nature natural; human nature restricted by race. Rockledge, Shandaken, N. Y.

REBEL—College graduate, southern girl, tall, slender blonde, stranded in East, need occupation. Hobby, dramatics. Box 843.

HATE JAZZ, bridge, golf, radio comedians and Collier's? Like music, laughter, long walks, talking and writing about life, literature and the nature of woman? Then write to ex-newsman, Army aviator, tyro-writer, bachelor, 25. Box 844.

MONEY RAISED for established charities at very low cost. No fees or commission. Annual report required to receive consideration. Box 846.

PROTESTANT WIDOW, nearly forty, with one child, interested in literature, music and art, wishes to act as home-maker and hostess for widower, with or without children. Box 847.

SCHOOL TEACHER, living on farm with aged father, lonesome, desires acquaintance with middle-aged gentleman, tall, jolly but high moral standard. Box 848.

NEW YORKER, just under forty, of varied intellectual interests, would meet younger woman of artistic or literary inclinations—a vivacious personality possessing a sense of humor. Box 849.

WANTED—to know if there is, in or about Pittsburgh a man between 35 and 45, interested in observing life with tolerance and a sense of humor, who thinks straight, who would like to exchange observations with woman, 32, of similar bent. Box 850.

WANTED: By an experienced graduate nurse with excellent references, position as office nurse-typist to non-surgical doctor. Box 851.

DESPERATELY needing $200—young man will do anything to earn it. Box 852.

LETTER from gentleman would brighten life of young woman of drab personality; never been anywhere, and without grace, but so anxious to meet genteel people. Box 853.

SEEKING unusually lovely quiet country place available to paying guest (swimming; midwest preferred). Box 854.

YOUNG WOMAN, 26, offers intelligence, personality, education for enough salary for decent living. Travel anywhere. Experienced in music, writing, library, teaching, stage-production, personal contact. References. Box 857.

YOUNGISH MAN, 30, cultured, bookish, writes well, former reporter, knows Europe, has been about, will do anything within or without reason. Micawber.

GENTLEMAN, 26, wishes to correspond with girl, residing in New York City, who is interested in swimming, Sunday motor outings to beaches, literature and sports. Sense of humor. Box 858.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

RECENT IRISH NOVELS

H. M. of Norristown, Pa., *asks for a list of Irish novels published in this country within the last year or so, that is, novels by Irish writers. "And in addition, if you can, some of the critical articles published on this subject, where and when. I'd appreciate it if in giving the novels you could also tell me the approximate date of publication."*

THE most recent Irish novel of importance—and to our mind the best of the many that have appeared in the last months—is Sean O'Faolain's A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK (Viking) which was the Book-of-the-Month Club selection back in January. A tale of three generations of simple Irish farm people, it has an idyllic quality that invests its unexciting incident with fascination. We've never been able to resist the Irish peasantry, from Biddy in the kitchen to Pat on the highway, and like them this book has a way with it. Donald Adams, Editor of the *New York Times Book Review*, who's just back from a trip to Europe, tells us he met young Mr. O'Faolain (who pronounces his name as though it was spelled O'Phelan) and that he's a modest and charming youth quite unspoiled by the success of his work. Only a month after that had appeared there followed on its heels a Literary Guild selection, SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL (Morrow), which at once involved its author, Rearden Conner, in controversy. The story deals with that period in the early 1920's (how the headlines in the newspapers flash back to mind!) when the Black and Tans and the Irish were carrying on guerilla warfare. It is one of the most blood-curdling tales on record, and its melodramatic incidents are the rock on which critics split. Many of those who reviewed it, like Ernest Boyd, were Irishmen themselves, and denied its historical accuracy. Irish political unrest of an earlier day serves as background for Lord Dunsany's THE CURSE OF THE WISE WOMAN (Macmillan), published in 1933 (reviewed *Books*, October 8; *Times*, October 22) which presents events of fifty years ago through the eyes of an old man looking back on his youth. The novel of a poet, it has a haunting and tender quality absent from Mr. Conner's book. In Liam O'Flaherty's THE MARTYRS (Macmillan: *Books*, June 11; *Nation*, August 9; *S. R. of L.*, June 10) the revolution of 1920 again sets the scene, but where SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL is garish and sensational this is sombre and macabre, a fine literary production. Its action is compressed into forty-eight hours. By way of pleasant contrast to the gloom of these semi-historical tales is the gay ENCHANTED WINTER (Appleton-Century: *New Republic*, December 6; *Times*, October 1; *S. R. of L.*, October 7) of Z. Girling who hides her identity under the name of Martin Hare. This recounts the experiences of an English cousin, a sophisticated youth sprung of Oxford and banking experience, on a visit to his relatives in the Irish countryside. The Ireland of the seacoast around Dublin furnishes the setting for L. A. G. Strong's SEA WALL (Knopf: *Books*, November 5; *Commonweal*, December 8; *S. R. of L.*, November 18), the story of a young boy who lives on the sea wall surrounding a small town. Revolution comes back again in Francis Stuart's COLOURED DOME (Macmillan: *Times*, July 23; *Nation*, July 12; *S. R. of L.*, July 22), but adulterated by mysticism.

NATURE AND MAN

We are planning a program of study for a woman's club on the subject of Nature and the great outdoors (writes Mrs. L. B. of Boswell, Ind.) *with a view to include forests, mountains, the stars, rivers, birds, and flowers and especially as they influence man's destiny or character. Will you suggest two or three books of recent fiction that we can use in this program? We do not want a slushy sentimental type.*

There's a scene in Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's SOUTH MOON UNDER (Scribners) where the heroine throws the door of the simple house that is her home open and gazes with her father upon the Southern night that seems to us to bring that book straight into line with Mrs. L. B.'s request. It's a novel worth reading on all counts, and in it Nature plays a large part through its unconscious shaping influence on human life. Gladys Hasty Carroll's AS THE EARTH TURNS (Macmillan), Leroy MacLeod's THE YEARS OF PEACE (Appleton-Century), and Arthur Pound's ONCE A WILDERNESS (Reynal & Hitchcock) all have the farm as background. But perhaps the book most vividly setting forth the impress of the country environment on those it surrounds is Louis Bromfield's THE FARM (Harpers), the record of a life the roots of which struck deep into the soil but on which the city exerted an irresistible pull.

BOOKS ON BOOK REVIEWING

R. B. P. of Washington, N. J., *wants a list of publications about the art of book reviewing. "I am interested," he says, "in the science of the subject."*

That's one of the questions with which we don't know where to begin, so much has been written about it. Of course we suppose that anyone who wants to attack it seriously ought to start in with books (to go no further back than the Victorian period) like Coleridge's BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA (Macmillan) and PRINCIPLES OF CRITICISM (Heath) and Matthew Arnold's ESSAYS IN CRITICISM (Macmillan). But we have a feeling that R. B. P. wants something more recent, and something more specifically devoted to the problems of the reviewer as against the broader problems of general criticism, than such works as Norman Foerster's AMERICAN CRITICISM (Houghton Mifflin), W. C. Brownell's CRITICISM and STANDARDS (Scribners), though we think he'd do very well to read these last, Ludwig Lewisohn's THE CREATIVE LIFE (Boni & Liveright), or Henry Seidel Canby's DEFINITIONS (Harcourt, Brace). W. W. Norton & Co. publish a book by Llewellyn Jones, entitled HOW TO CRITICIZE BOOKS, which ought to be useful to him, and if he wants a more philosophical study he might try I. A. Richards's PRINCIPLES OF LITERARY CRITICISM (Harcourt, Brace). We're torn between a desire to observe a becoming modesty and make no mention of the *Saturday Review's* anthology, DESIGNED FOR READING (Macmillan) and the wish to state that here is to be found example as well as precept for the book reviewer. Down with modesty. We've mentioned it.

NEGRO AUTHORS AND A CORRECTION

Ever since we discovered that some time ago in writing of Negro literature we had been careless enough (and that in the face of a strict injunction to ourself not to make that mistake) to ascribe Berton Braley's first name to Benjamin Brawley, and that we had fortunately been wrong in applying the adjective "late" to Jessie Fauset, we've been meaning to make retraction of our errors. We know of no better way of doing so and of adding to the list of books by Negro authors we then published than by printing the very courteous letter of Mr. Benjamin Brawley. He writes us:

"In your columns you have to cover such vast territory that all the more am I happy to say that your list of books by Negroes in a recent number of the *Saturday Review* is, all things considered, pretty good. Would you mind, however, if I comment on one or two points? To mention two books by Langston Hughes and one by Paul Laurence Dunbar is to raise the question of proportion. Dunbar moreover is best known as a poet; so that, if we can mention only one book, we might prefer to speak of the one that made him famous, LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE, now included in COMPLETE POEMS (Dodd, Mead). Dunbar always insisted that his middle name be spelled with a *u* not a *w*. I should certainly be inclined to give representation to the late novelist, Charles W. Chestnutt, whose notable collections of stories, THE WIFE OF HIS YOUTH and THE CONJURE WOMAN, were published by Houghton Mifflin, as was the best of the novels, THE HOUSE BEHIND THE CEDARS. Note also the fresh note in TROPIC DEATH, by Eric Walrond (Boni & Liveright). Is Jessie Fauset "late"? I have not seen her for some months, but I think she is very much alive. More than one person has confused the names Berton Braley and Benjamin Brawley; but I have some scruples about stealing Mr. Braley's first name because —well, I like my own better!"

We seize this opportunity too to mention that there is a book of Negro dialect poems by J. Mason Brewer entitled NEGRITO (San Antonio: Naylor).

PERSONALS

YOUNG LADY interested in books, movies, music, and gossip would like to hear from extravert liking football, wrestling, motoring and staring into space. Most morons seem to like her. Box 855.

LARGE HUNTING CAMP—In mountains, gorge, racing stream teeming with fish; bear, deer, wild cats—cool nights, log fire, swimming. Pennsylvania Route 6—$12.00, $15.00. Box 856.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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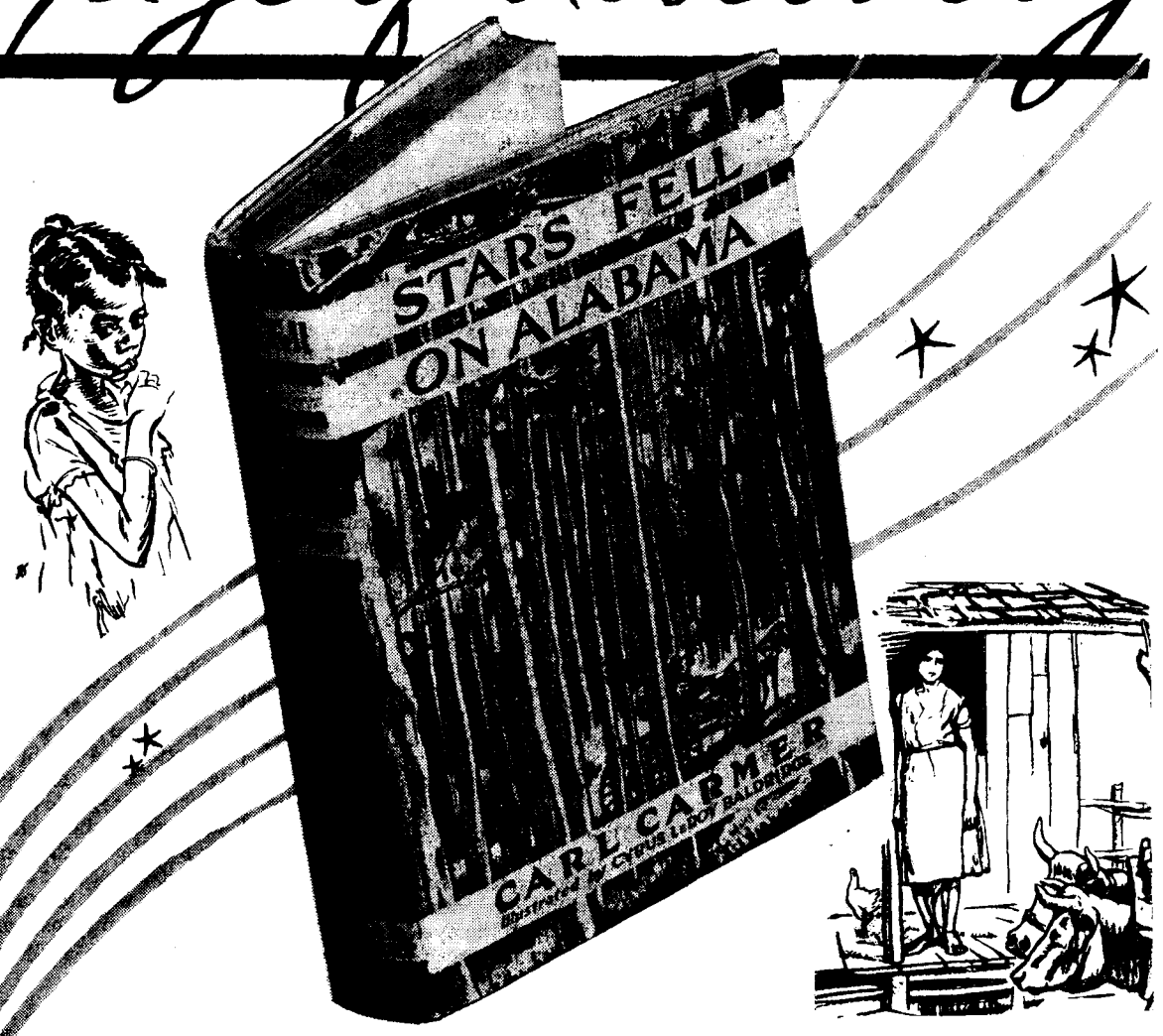

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